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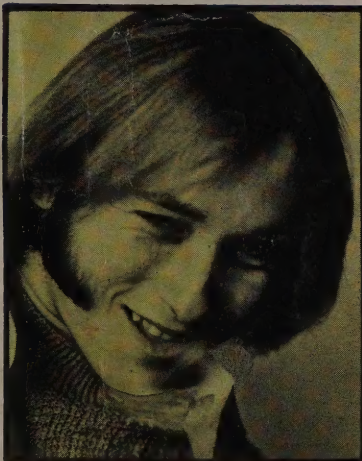
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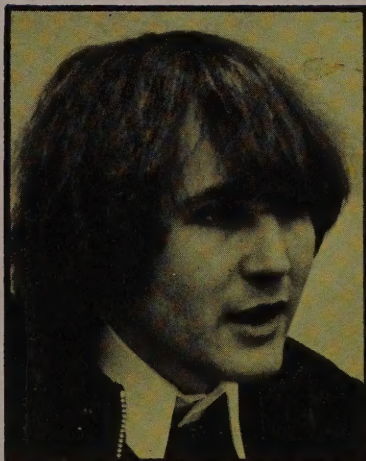
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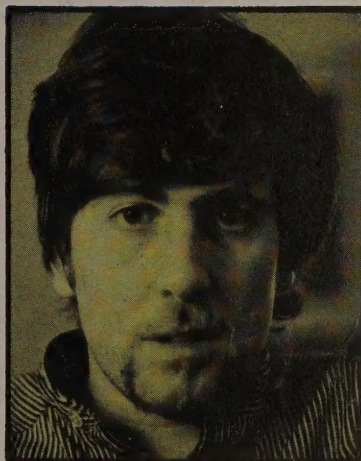
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INTERVIEWS WITH: JOHNNY WINTER
TAJ MAHAL NINA SIMONE & JACK BRUCE



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DON'T LET ME DOWN

BAD MOON RISING

HEATHER HONEY

WHAT IS A MAN

WHERE'S THE PLAY
GROUND SUSIE

EVERY DAY WITH YOU
GIRL

LEANIN' ON YOU

SORRY SUZANNE

I SHALL BE RELEASED

GOODBYE • THE BOXER

THESE EYES

HAPPY HEART

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TOO BUSY THINKING
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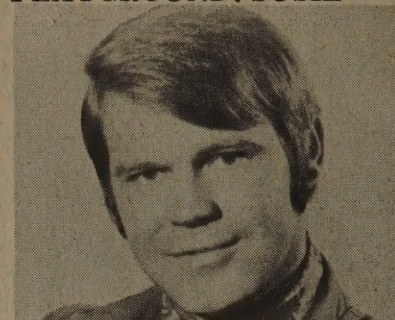
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By Glen Campbell

• **LODI**



By Creedence Clearwater

• **GET BACK**

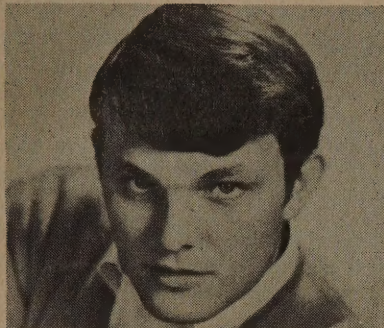


By The Beatles

**OVER 35
TOP TUNES
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

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By Tommy Roe

•EVERYDAY WITH YOU, GIRL



By Classics IV

•TOO BUSY THINKING



By Marvin Gaye

•RIVER IS WIDE



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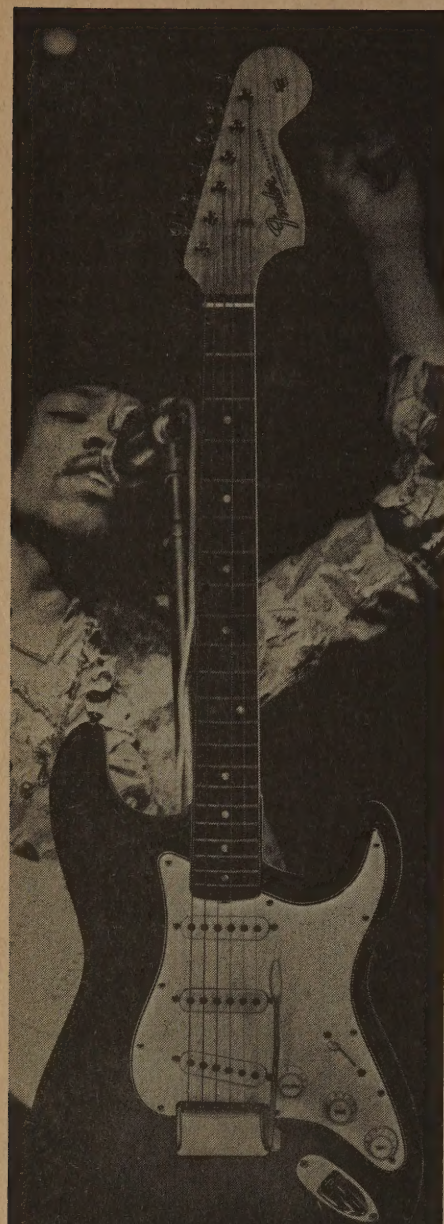
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the scene



Listen To The Music Playing In Your Head

"Listen to the music playing in your head," is a touching line from the Beatles' *Lady Madonna*. It relates to Paul Simon escaping to "Home, where my music's playing" in *Homeward Bound* which relates to Chuck Berry's "I need a shot of rhythm and blues" in *Roll Over Beethoven*.

Music. Today, our generation thrives on music. When all else fails our music is there to re-vitalize our cells, and those particular songs that filter out to be the most meaningful to our personal needs are always there. Our heads become extension speakers, no matter how far we are from our phonographs. Those of you who put down our technological society forget that the phonograph came from there. What a traumatic disaster when a tube blows or a record gets scratched. If you had to choose between cigarettes and music which would it be? We are willing slaves to sweet, sweet music.

"How come you're so quiet tonight?"

"Huh, oh I just got this Jack Bruce bass thing from *Badge* kicking in my head."

And *Proud Mary*. Imagine the incredible hold music has over us. *Proud Mary* wrapped around my brain the instant I

first heard it. It was like a mad love affair that might never come to an end. I couldn't get it out of my head, and then I noticed an amazing thing. It struck everybody close to me the same way. I'm sitting in my office with *Proud Mary* playing in my head. Suddenly a loud voice from somewhere in the building picks up the same refrain. I go home and my wife and babies are dancing to it. My two year old son who can only say "no," is dancing around the house and singing. . . "Rollin' on the river." Now dig this. If it's in your head and my head at the same time, then it's in heads in London and Paris and Memphis and my God, possibly in the Apollo rocket head shooting around the moon.

Which brings me to a book called "Outlaw Blues" by Paul Williams. You must get it and read it because Paul handles this delicate subject so well, this "music playing in our heads" phenomenon. You really can't put music into words (which is a recent mindbender with me, as you can tell by my *Hit Parader* interviews), but you can talk about the way music makes you feel. Paul's book reminds me of the very touching scene in "The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter" where a young girl attempts to describe a symphony to a deaf man. "It's too bad you don't have music," she tells him.

Paul is not a critic. He's a musician caught between the worlds of music and literature. He can put into words what the Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds* album did to him or describe the feeling of a song gnawing privately at his brain. His essay on Bob Dylan is the best I've ever read.

I met Paul several years ago. He honestly lives and breathes music night and day. That's all we talked about, except for occasional trips into literature and science fiction. He had this nervous habit of scratching the hell out of his head which I'm sure he did whenever he thought of the problems of putting out the next issue of *Crawdaddy*.

First time I met him, we sat out on my porch one summer evening with the neighborhood kids yelling in the distance. He talked about all the things he wanted to do. Foremost in his mind was songwriting. At one point, he closed his eyes and disappeared into one of his own songs, just letting the words tumble out. I know he was hearing the music for it too.

Paul is a romantic, a characteristic sorely lacking in too many important areas today, and *Outlaw Blues* (E.P. Dutton paperback) is a modern adventure that mirrors our own fascination with his music called rock. □jim delehant

COUNTRY

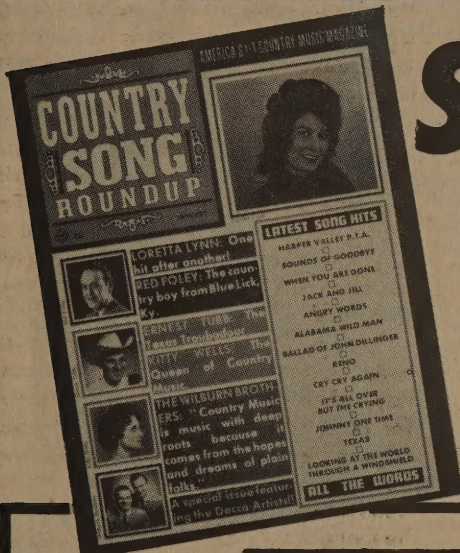
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Dear Editor:

I've been an avid reader of Hit Parader and the few other pop music magazines and newspapers that make any sort of sense for about five years, and try as I may, I have never been able to get any sort of substantial answer to a question that has been bugging me for a long, long time. Perhaps you or some of your readers can help me.

Having been a staunch Rolling Stone fan and follower (there is a difference), for four years or so, I consider myself fairly well-versed on the basics of their music (I even deal with the abstracts of it every now and then.) I have all their LPs and have tried to read everything about them I possible could, both musically and otherwise, in order to gain a better understanding of them. What I've never been able to figure out, however, is what percent of a Jagger - Richard composition Mick writes and Keith writes. I realize that many songs must be a joint effort, but, on the other hand, I seem to think that some songs must be completely Mick or completely Keith. Also, I've never read anything concerning what portion of a song Mick usually writes. Does Keith write the music or the lyrics most of the time. Who comes up with the ideas? Who has the final say, etc)

Due to the large amount of printed material expounding upon the musical virtues of the Beatles, I have learned how much of a song is "Lennon" and what portion McCartney is responsible for. We have all read articles telling and explaining to us that of personalizing their tunes. When you hear "Strawberry Fields," for instance, you say, "That's John's song." When you hear "Penny Lane," you say, "That's Paul McCartney's imagery and orchestration if I ever heard it." But who ever runs articles about Jagger or Richard's writing techniques and individual trademarks? Who ever delves into a Stone album with any amount of intelligence? How much printed material is devoted to exploring the musical talent of the Stones? When it comes to a scandalous account

of one of Jones' drug busts, every magazine in the world has a really nothing story about them. (When the Beatles run afoul of the law, no one wastes space writing about it or dragging the incident through the mud, but I suppose this is another story. . . or is it?)

Every now and then, Paul Williams will give the Stones a good word, but when isn't more attention given to the Stones' musical talents? If anybody has any kind of answer, I'd like to hear it.

This brings me to my second gripe. I've noted the ignoring of the Stone's musical talent throughout their careers, but never has it been so apparent as now, with the release of the Beatles' new LP and the Stones' new LP. Their "Beggars Banquet" album has been received well, but that's about it. No one has anything outstanding to say about it. It's no "Sgt. Pepper" (please note sarcasm) but I feel it deserves more praise than people have given it. Critics, writers, and other such people of importance have called it "lax and loose." There are things on the Beatle album that are really garbage (Revolution 9 and Wild Honey Pie and Don't Pass Me By, for an example). "The Beatles" is not the tightest thing in the world, but who dares criticize it? Who dares to call what is junk, junk? Paul Nelson, on reviewing the album, failed to make any real comment or judgement of it. I guess he's waiting for his "avant garde" deep-thinking friends to pass judgement on it before he commits himself. I mean, no one wants to offer any adverse criticism on the Beatles. Perish the thought.

Any ideas? Any comment? Does anyone think that the Beatles (as good as they are) are being sorely overestimated? I'd like your opinions.

Susan Eddy
Boston, Mass.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading Hit Parader for 2½ years now and let me say it has been one of

the major factors in my present knowledge and tastes in music. I used to just like the usual rock-group that I heard on the radio but all that has changed now. Your magazine introduced me to real music, like the Blues Project, Paul Butterfield, etc. When I first started reading Hit Parader, I was trying to learn some of the hits of the day on guitar struggling to learn the right chords. But then I started listening to these other types of music and I made up my mind to learn how to play like these people. Mistake number one. You don't LEARN how to play like Eric Clapton or Elvin Bishop, you FEEL how to play it. I also decided that I would immediately learn all there was to know about music. Mistake number two. Simply impossible. However, I have almost accomplished number one. I make a pretty good attempt at playing like Clapton, Bishop, etc. Unfortunately, I haven't had the opportunity to show anybody I can play anything up until now. Me and four others are starting a group now.

Well, enough of that. I hope you print this letter because I want to tell a lot of you kids something: A song doesn't have to be in the Top 40 to be a good song. And that's what a lot of you must think because I know a lot of people who have never heard of Paul Butterfield, or Al Kooper, and couldn't care less. This is too bad because these men have learned to play very well but the Stones and the Beatles and the like get all the recognition. Not that there's anything wrong with these groups, they're great too. But I think people should give these other groups a chance too. One main reason people don't know much about these groups is that they're not exposed to them. Unless you happen to live in the area where there is a progressive rock, FM station, you just don't hear it. I must now pause to plug our station here in Indianapolis, WNAP - FM 93.1. The Wild Ones play the regular top 40 stuff plus a lot of album cuts from unknown or underground groups. Chris Conner especially does a lot of this.

If some of you people out there want to be broadminded enough to hear some of the other side of today's music besides the top 40, try Lead Zeppelin, John Mayall (with or without Eric Clapton) Al Kooper has his own album out now, and there's some albums out now with cuts from a lot of groups showing the evolution and best of recent English blues, with such artists as Jimmy Page (now with the Zeppelin), Calpin, etc.

I've gone on too long now but before I close I would like to know if it is possible to expand your Platter Chatter and Shopping Bag sections? Also try to have more interviews and articles on the people I have mentioned. Thank you for your time.

Mike Kellerman
8720 John's Drive
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Editor:

If I may, I'd like to bring to your attention what I consider one of the most satisfying album sets ever put together: "Richard P. Havens, 1983." Obviously, folk-oriented but with a very strong blues influence, Richie has to be one of the finest young singers on the scene. He has kicked around a few albums in the past year or so which have gained him much recognition as a folk-blues force, but "1983" surpasses even one's most glorious hopes for a worthwhile addition to an album collection. There is not a bad track on either album and that must be some kind of a first. It is impossible to pick a favorite although "For Haven's Sake" probably comes off best simply because it is completely Havens. His own composition ("Just Above My Hobby Horse's Head") may be the most tastefully and powerfully conceived "message" song ever written.

Some contend that the Beatles are the best interpreters of their own music. If this is so, then Richie's versions run a close second. His treatment of "Strawberry Fields Forever" is in the form of a searing soul ballad, making the plea "Let me take

you down" more of a personal invitation rather than a pale statement as in the Beatles' version. In my opinion, he does a far superior job than the Beatles on "She's Leaving Home;" the heartbreak, the pathetic sadness of the story which was lacking in the Beatles' treatment is all there in Richie's (you can almost hear the tears in his voice).

Side four of the set is Havens at his best: in concert. Backed by Paul Williams on guitar and Arnie Moore on bass, he absolutely hypnotized the crowd with his music and receives tremendous response. All in all, a brilliant collection (I'm surprised you haven't devoted a few pages to Richie because he's really in a class by himself).

Speaking of good albums, if you're tired of the garbage put out by most of the rock groups nowadays, why not try jazz? The Gary Burton Quartet recently released their fourth album (A Genuine Tong Funeral) and Down Beat critic Don DeMichael calls it "One of the outstanding achievements of 1968." Burton on vibraharp, Larry Coryell on guitar, Steve Swallow on bass, and Bob Moses on drums make this album fall perfectly into place. Death is the theme and you wouldn't think death could be so enjoyable (avant garde enthusiasts will dig "The New National Anthem.") Pick it up.

That's it for the praise, now for the raps:

"Electric Ladyland" is good. Repeat: Good! Not a miracle as Barret Hansen led us to believe in your April issue. You must have winced when you allowed his review to be printed. What does he mean perhaps "Voodoo Chile" was recorded before a small studio audience? Any idiot could figure that out. "And The Gods Made Love," "1983," etc., and "Moon Turn The Tides" are all a complete waste; they can be heard on any one of a thousand sound effects records. "Long Hot Summer Night" is little more than a filler, saved only by Hendrix' guitar work, yet even Hendrix couldn't save poor "Little Miss Strange" (someone should tell Noel Redding that he has no compositional writing talent whatsoever). But the most outrageous statement Hansen made was that "Jimi's solos on "Voodoo Chile" are superior to any of Eric Clapton's. Hasn't he heard "Crossroads?" Hendrix may have natural rhythm and inborn soul and only knee-high to Clapton in talent, ability, and creativity. He knows little about dynamics and nothing about phrasing. He just doesn't have the class, the style, the sophistication of Clapton. Hendrix often sounds muddled, uncertain; Clapton is crystal-clear and he never misses. Hendrix tends to overload; Clapton tends to overwhelm.

Add Rap: I suppose by now you've seen the results of the recent Playboy Jazz and Pop Poll (which, incidentally, ranks high

on the all-time schuck list). Nothing but an absolute farce from beginning to end. Imagine Herb Alpert over Miles Davis in the trumpet division or Ringo Starr even placing in the list of top drummers. Being a guitarist, I immediately went to the guitar ratings expecting to see Kenny Burrell or George Benson or Barney Kessel leading the pack (possibly to find Clapton or Bloomfield grabbing a spot in the top twenty). But what to my wondering eyes should appear but... Jimi Hendrix? No. 1! Incredible! He couldn't even make the top ten in Down Beat. I gather the average reader is in his early or late teens (thus, answering the question: "What kind of man reads Playboy.")

Well, thanks for listening to me. Hit Parader is still the only rock mag worth buying. Keep it up.

Robert Archer
Spencer, Indiana

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine now for over 8 months. I find that it, and Teaset (which is the other mag that enlightened me to your publication) are two of the finest on today's music scene. The majority of the magazines are an insult to the teen (pardon the over-used-expression) buyer, and it is indeed refreshing to come upon a publication such as HP, that expresses the thoughts of the musicians and the readers on an intelligent level.

Some comments on the May 1969 issue:

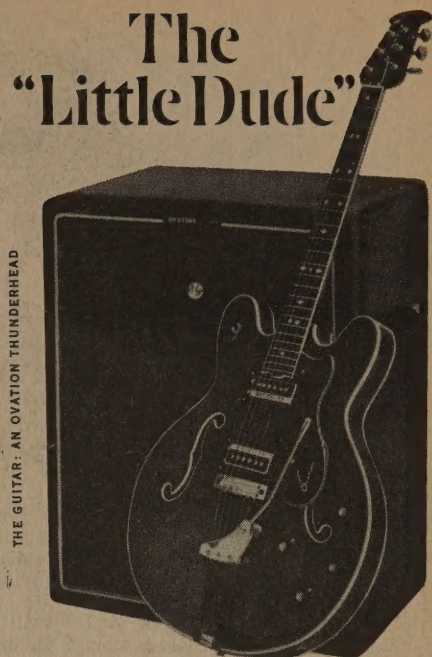
1. The "We Read Your Mail" department is very informative. It should be more than one page.
2. I'm very impressed with Pictures I hear" by Brigitta. An expression of thoughts such as this article contains should be exercised in more publications.
3. The "Communication" department may well set more of us to some deep introspection.
4. The album reviews by Jim Delephant are to be praised. It shows a man who knows the business inside-out.
5. I'm glad to see Terry Reid being brought to the attention of your reading audience. Maybe a few articles on Dino Valente, now and Tom Rush.

In your article, "The Beatles Sing The Beatles," you mention Paul as singing on "While My Guitar Gently Weeps;" is this not George doing his own vocalizing? My thoughts on the album - terrific. Could say that it is heavy, but the word heavy is being so over-used. I won't. I have watched the progression of the Beatles since 1963, and all I can say is, "It's Getting Better All The Time."

In closing, may I say keep up the great work you're doing.

Terry Gibson

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Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada

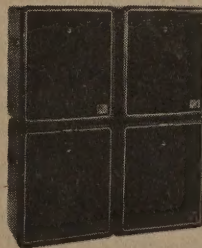


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ROCK

Past, Present and Future

We are witnessing at this moment a very curious event in the history of rock music. And that is — the Rock History Phenomenon itself. Never in the entire history of American pop music has so much attention been paid to the recent past. But now America's most successful combine of Top 40 stations, the Bill Drake group, has just completed a 48-hour presentation called **The History of Rock and Roll**, in which all regular programming was pre-empted for a weekend-long extravaganza of old 45's, surveys of charts past, and interviews with famous performers and business people. Now a rival station, KRLA-Los Angeles, is engaged in a series of weekly programs, **The Pop Chronicles**, which is even more accurate and thoroughgoing in its historical investigations. Meanwhile, books and articles on rock history are appearing in profusion, and reissues of early rock records are enjoying great success in both America and England.

The happenings of today are an enormous compliment to the colorful and dynamic nature of rock as a historical subject, and to the intelligence and curiosity of rock's present-day audience. But now let us rest a moment from our perusal of rock's incredible past, and meditate on what ought to be even more important: its present, and its future.

What's next?! Ever since people first became aware of r&r's identity as an idiom, and its stature as the biggest thing in popular music, people have been wondering about that. This is for commercial as well as aesthetic reasons—after all, the ability to predict the future accurately is money in the bank. Most of the early published predictions about the future of rock & roll expressed the thought that it would soon burn itself out and be gone, and that America would return to "Good" music (usually meaning whatever kind of music the speaker himself was involved in). But in spite of every oracle of doom, rock always managed to get bigger and better than anyone ever dreamed it would.

The surest way to predict the future is to examine the past. That is the reason we study history, any kind of history. To predict the future of rock, we have to consider not only the history of rock but the whole history of pop music in America. The happenings of pop music in the 1920's, 1930's and 1940's are much more relevant than you'd think. By gathering evidence from those bygone days, and considering it along with the better-known sagas of the 1950's and 1960's, we come up with some highly consistent tendencies, of which the most important is the following:

****The Great Axiom of Pop Music History****

AT ANY GIVEN TIME, THE FUTURE OF POPULAR MUSIC IS DEPENDENT UPON THE PRESENT TASTES OF LISTENERS BETWEEN THE AGES OF 15 AND 21.

Every first-magnitude superstar from Bing Crosby on has been "made" originally by the people of this age group. Every major change in pop music style, from the fox trot to electric white blues, has found its first adherents among the young listeners, and survived despite the inevitable derision of their elders.

This, of course, does not explain all the music you hear on the air. People over 21 like pop music too. And so we come to

****The Corollary of the Great Axiom****

THE MAJORITY OF LISTENERS IN ANY AGE GROUP WILL ALWAYS REMAIN FAITHFUL TO THE MUSICAL STYLES PREVALENT WHEN THEY WERE BETWEEN THE AGES OF 15 AND 21.

Before we start talking about the future of rock, it is crucial that we understand exactly what is going on today, especially in regards to the differing tastes of the various age groups today.

The world is full of rehashes of music that was young 20 or 30 years ago. The big bands, the ballad singers, the Broadway musicals, and the sweet dance bands will be around as long as the people who were young in their heyday are vigorous enough to support them. As the original artists fade from the scene, younger ones who can get into the established idioms (Barbra Streisand, Herb Alpert) will replace them.

Our moms and dads, who grew up with Glenn Miller, Como and Sinatra, will always think of that stuff as the only real pop music. But the Corollary of the Great Axiom applies to younger people too—for instance those who were teenagers in the late 1950's and early 1960's. I speak not of the swinging minority who freaked out on Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis, but the placid majority whose musical education consisted of Pat Boone, Connie Francis, and the later, smoother efforts of Elvis Presley and Paul Anka. What these people—today's young-married housewives—want to hear today is music based on the style of "Put Your Head On My Shoulder" by Paul Anka, which was their favorite record in high school. This music is provided today not only by the artists just mentioned, but by a host of relative newcomers such as Bobby Vinton, the Lettermen, the Vogues, Bobby Goldsboro, Jay & The Americans, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Fifth Dimension, O. C. Smith, Dionne Warwick, Tom Jones, and the biggest

of all right now—Glen Campbell. Over the years, the music has gotten smoother and blander, but it is also more refined, and more perfect by its own standards. It is better recorded, and it is maybe even just a tiny trifle hipper (carefully note the length of Glen Campbell's hair).

These young-marrieds buy lots and lots of LP's. (Until very recently, they had a stranglehold on the LP charts). They also buy lots of soap, cigarettes and new cars. They are therefore the most sought-after audience for radio stations, and thus we have all those "Easy Listening" stations on the dial. There are several subtle variations in the age-group appeal of these stations. Some reach for the over-30's with Dean Martin, Perry Como and Sammy Davis, Jr.; Sinatra represents about the upper age limit for mass commercial appeal. Others will reach for a share of the 18-to-21's by playing some honest-to-goodness contemporary rock, like the Classics IV, Marvin Gaye, or maybe even the Beatles. Everything **except** that nasty "psychedelic" stuff the high-school kids like. American AM radio stations have all discovered that it is more profitable to be last with the hits, than first with them. Even the Top 40 stations, the birthplaces of rock, go chasing after that young-married dollar with Glen Campbell through the daytime hours.

Many hit records, and maybe even some good music, will be made for the young-married audience in the future. But the future belongs to the 15-to-21's. They "made" all the superstars of the past, and considering the increasing affluence and independence of youth today, there is no reason to believe they will not make the superstars of the future. AM radio may have abandoned them for the most part, but practically every city now has an FM "progressive rock" station. And if they can't hear what they want on the air, they can always buy it on LP's and tapes.

A quick look at the current favorites of this age group establishes beyond a doubt that rock, hard rock, is going to be around for awhile yet. The young people are not going to revert to the musical tastes of previous generations. (At no time in the history of pop music has any revival of an older style amounted to anything more than a temporary novelty). They are going to stick with rock until they discover something truly new and more exciting. One searches in vain for any evidence of such a discovery having been made.

The favorite rockstars of today's youth cover a fairly wide range of age and experience. Some are new enough to be practically un-



known to anybody over 21. Others have been around long enough so that their original audience is getting up into the young-married area, but still maintain a strong hold on youth, chiefly through their commitment to youth styles and ideas. In the latter category we have the first-magnitude superstars of today, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan; some others just outside this magic circle, like the Jefferson Airplane and the Doors, and the youngest of this group, Donovan.

All these people hit the peak of their fame before 1968. They are the hardy survivors of

a legion of superstars that until recently also included the Byrds, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Beach Boys, and the Animals, to name some. Every era has its temporary superstars as well as its more or less permanent ones.

A lot of changes happened in 1968. The conversion of the 15-21 audience from singles and AM radio, to LP's and FM radio, became complete. And the young people stopped going to clubs and dances, and started going to great places where you sit on the floor and listen. There were two new superstars, Cream and Hendrix, the latter pretty nearly approach-

ing the godlike status of the Beatles, Stones and Dylan. And it was in 1968 that a lot of musicians—who had gotten hip to rock about 1965, formed a group in 1966, formed another one and gotten a record deal in 1967—came out with LP's. Beginning early in the year there was an unprecedented flood of new groups competing for the minds and money of that young audience.

We do have an outrageous oversupply of new groups today. It has become very difficult for the genuine new talent to break through the morass of hype and hysteria. With all this con-



fusion, listeners and critics alike have shown a tendency to cling to the established stars, thus compounding the problem. A lot of money was, and is being, lost on various Johnny-come-latelies, their talent incompetently judged and directed by greedy business people. And whenever one of these characters gets his fingers burned, the air is rent by officious proclamations that Rock is Dead.

But commercially, hard rock is doing better

than ever. Just look at the LP charts. And a few new groups have survived all the flak & frustration and established themselves as major contenders for the superstar role. Janis Joplin has just about made it. The Iron Butterfly is a name that means practically nothing to most people over 21, but again, look at those LP charts. (Or ask any 16-year-old). Ditto for Steppenwolf. There are the blues monsters—Canned Heat, Mike Bloomfield, Jeff Beck.

The very latest flashes—Blood, Sweat and Tears, Creedence Clearwater, Led Zeppelin. And more whose reputation grows constantly: Steve Winwood. Spirit. The Band. Johnny Winter.

On these rocks will the future be built. Rock, as we said, will prevail until something better comes along to replace it, a tall order to be sure. This will be the case even if rock never produces another *Sgt. Pepper* or even another *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida*. After all, the big-bands- and-ballads era survived for at least seven years after its artistic peak had been passed—all the way from the coming of Sinatra and Kenton in the mid-1940's through the whole Eddie Fisher era, right until "Sh-Boom" kicked the old stuff upstairs in 1954.

Be assured that I don't predict anything that gloomy for rock's future. Soul music, for instance, which has been relatively static for several years, has discovered a whole new thing with Sly & The Family Stone. On the West Coast, there is enormous interest in country-rock. And all over the country, the blues renaissance goes on; despite its age, blues is a brand-new thing as far as the young white audience goes. The youth revolt will be inspiring younger musicians, as it has inspired the Stones. I would predict that when a young artist or group appears, who can put out the kind of relevant energy we have in "Sympathy for the Devil" and "Street Fighting Man," and do it in a believable, natural way, a new way, a young way, then we'll have a superstar for sure.

People are a little jaded here in 1969—we've seen everything, or so we think. It's going to be awfully hard for a new group to make it. But the ones that do are going to be monsters for sure.

One last thought, concerning the idea that rock will survive until something better comes along to replace it. What is there that *could* replace it? The bands-and-ballads existed alongside R&B for years and years, none of its audience having any contact with black people and their music. When the white kids finally discovered R&B, that was all she wrote. Today's young audience, on the other hand, gets exposed to practically every kind of music there is on the face of earth, from Bach to bossa nova. They've already been through a big thing with Indian music. If any music that exists today has the power to conquer rock, it would have done it already. So we are left to ponder what might come along in the future, which leads us straight to electronic music. When electronic music gets out of the blurps-and-beeps stage which must surely be its infancy, and begins to satisfy emotional longings (or whatever longings the kids of 1975 or 1980 might have) then us rock people had better look out. We'll undoubtedly fight it tooth and nail, just as our parents fought rock. But after all, we'll still have new movies by the Beatles, together or separately, and Steve Winwood will still sing as fantastically when he's 40 as he does now, so we'll be groovin' along. ... □ barret hansen

CROSBY STILLS AND NASH

The sessions had been going remarkably well and the three of them, Crosby a rock and roll buccaneer, Stills the Midnight Cowboy and Graham Nash a hippy dapper, were pretty pleased with themselves and their music. "We're going to bring this album in on time," Crosby hoped aloud, "and, I think, for less money than we thought. That'll improve our rep in the business a whole lot... 'specially Stills."

Stills guffaws. He really does. When he laughs, which is seldom, it starts with a toothy grin and a deep kind of down-home-on-the-Delta guffaw lopes out of the bottom of his low register. In between occasional guffaws, he's intensely serious, his mind bent on working, on making music, on the technicalities and metaphysics of making a beautiful album.

"Gonna remember those earphones, Willie?" Crosby asks out of nowhere. "Ah dunno, hope so," replies Nash. "You remind me, eh?"

"Yeah, if I remember," Crosby shrugs.

Stills turns his head around in mock aside. "Him remember? He couldn't remember his way out of a paper bag!"

They were all high in the hills behind Los Angeles, all of them poking fun and popping ideas. They were all optimistic and somewhat anxious. They comprise the heaviest musical threesome since Cream and down the hill, west on Sunset and north on Cahuenga they are piecing together their voices, their music and their visions for an album, a happy album.

Crosby, late of the Byrds, a stocky mustached swaggering elder statesman of the American Rock Scene, plays the lushest, sweetest electric 12 string you can think of. He eases resonating chords through the music, hits instinctively perfect rhythms that fill out the tune. The other two give him room to wail and his voice, mellowed a bit now, matured, fuller, less urgent, more tender, holds the song securely to its core.

Stills, late of the Buffalo Springfield and a guest guitarist on almost everybody's album (check out the latest by Richie Havens, Judy Collins and Joan Baez, among others and forget Super Session if you're kind) plays some of the tastiest guitar in the world. He doesn't make much noise about himself but he's in the same class as Hendrix or Krieger

or Clapton, but without the ostentation of any of them. His lines wander a bit more now, he's braver, more serious and into the tunes from almost every angle. On this album he also plays bass and organ and someone told me he was working on doing all three at once. The songs he's written for this album are infatuating, they confirm Stills as one of the best composers of pop material.

Nash, late of the Hollies, is a fetching guitarist with a flair for harmonies and all those delicious skittering high vocal parts, low humor and centered ideas. Once he'd wandered into the studio to play guitar and as I walked through on my way back into the room, I stopped to listen. When I entered the control room they were wondering where he was. "He's in there," I told them, "playing really pretty new songs." "Aw, he always does that, snorted Crosby. "Three or four new ones every time, all of them stone beauties."

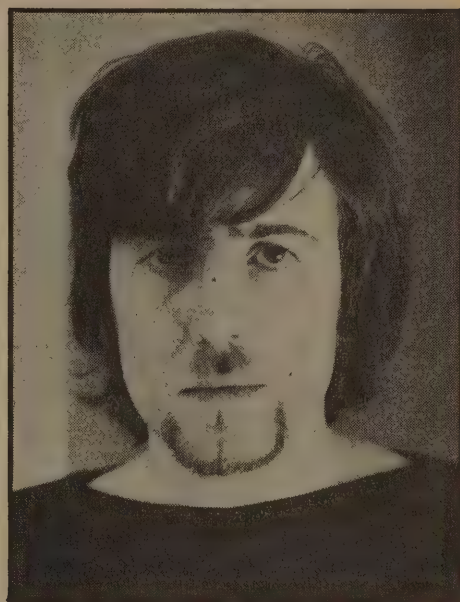
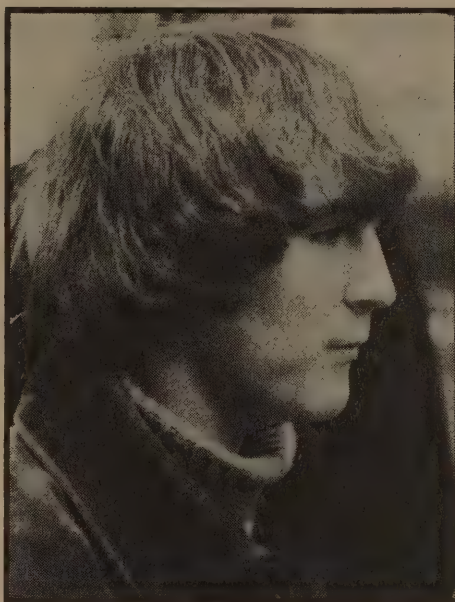
They sing together and create a morning with the sound. If you can think of them harmonizing you've got a beautiful dream going. The music ranges from happy good time rock

and roll to breathtakingly convoluted musical journeys in and out of the moods and feelings that have made searchers of all of us. Simplicity and taste honed by experience dominates their creative efforts and the rule on this album is: Whoever's song it is gets the last word. The last word, however, is hardly ever necessary. The album, as I saw it in the later stages of labor, is a product of friendship, genius and love.

Last Summer when I was mousing around L.A. David Crosby played the beginnings of a song titled "Long Time Coming," for me. "That song," I said to him at the time, "has the peculiar balance of bewilderment and paranoia I experienced the night Bobby Kennedy was killed."

"That's the morning I wrote it," he told me. "I couldn't sleep and I sat up and wrote the song."

It's a frightened outraged song, a song of wondering and a song of desperation. "I looked around," he once said, "and I see the changes going down and I don't know what to feel. It's beautiful and at the same time it's dangerous." That's the way the song is, couched



in estranged minor chords, a halting rhythm and direct pleading words.

They'd been fooling around with the song, unsure as to whether it would go on the album or not. The first version was built around a rhythm guitar line by Crosby, picked up by the percussion and strengthened by more guitar parts. It was effective, but somehow trapped in itself, up against the walls of truth and tonality. 4:00 A.M. approached and everyone went home but Stills.

The next evening when we came back to the studio, he played the tracks for us. "You make me ashamed of myself," said Crosby. Stills had made a perfect track to the song, built around a quavering organ line which persisted throughout the song, insinuating danger, a police siren, perhaps, but lower, more like a faraway air raid alert. Several vocal tracks were tried and then Crosby, possessed with the immensity of the song broke

through. He stepped to the mike and wailed. He sang in a piercing blues howl, pushing the lyric through the music with desperate force. He was tearful when the takes were through.

"I finally found my voice," he said afterwards. He was very emotional. "Five years I've been singing and I've finally found my voice. I sang harmony with the Byrds because I didn't know how to do anything else. Everytime I had to do a lead vocal, I choked up because I was scared. But these two loved me enough to let me find myself. God, I'm so happy, I finally found a voice of my own!"

Most of the sessions were closed, a small group of intimates were allowed in only on occasion and were usually asked to leave after a few hours. "For two bucks a minute, we haven't got time to socialize," they asserted and they were right.

But when company came, they'd play every-

thing they'd recorded that far and the response was a thrilled happiness that can't be described.

The music has an intrinsic euphoria to it, ingredients of the charged heights of the Hollies, The Buffalo Springfield and The Byrds combined to form a something else again that resembles none of the above or any thing else for that matter. It's not that the songs are all good timey and happy, they're songs of changes and songs of heartbreak too, but the feeling is joyous, the intentions are positive and the spirit of the project is as free as a magpie's and twice as loony.

One evening Jerry Wexler and Ahmet Ertegun, presidents of Atlantic Records stopped in. Stills saw Wexler through the studio glass and ran into the control room (after the take of course, nothing pulls Stills away from the music) and jumped on Wexler with an enormous embrace. When the tracks were played, Ahmet, elated and astonished said: "You guys aren't singing, you're blowing voice!"

Phil Spector had also dropped by to listen. The sense of humor prevailing that evening was exceeded only by the caliber of talent in the room. "Music From Big Ego" had been suggested as an album title. I found it hard to believe that they rejected it. "Well, perhaps they haven't got the distance to appreciate it," quipped Wexler.

It all started one late summer afternoon in a picturesque house in Laurel Canyon. Crosby was preparing material for a solo album after having left the Byrds, Nash, still with the Hollies, was visiting and Stills, after the breakup of the Buffalo Springfield had been "sitting around staring at the side of a mountain trying to decide what to do next" in between playing sessions. Goofing around in the California living room, they all began to play and sing together. And they loved it immediately and they talked about making an album and, boy, it was going to be a hassle with each of them contracted to a different record company. Music biz wonderkind, David Geffen, a 26-year old funky imp, was called in to move minds and signatures around to make it possible, no small feat, mind you, but he did it and then some.

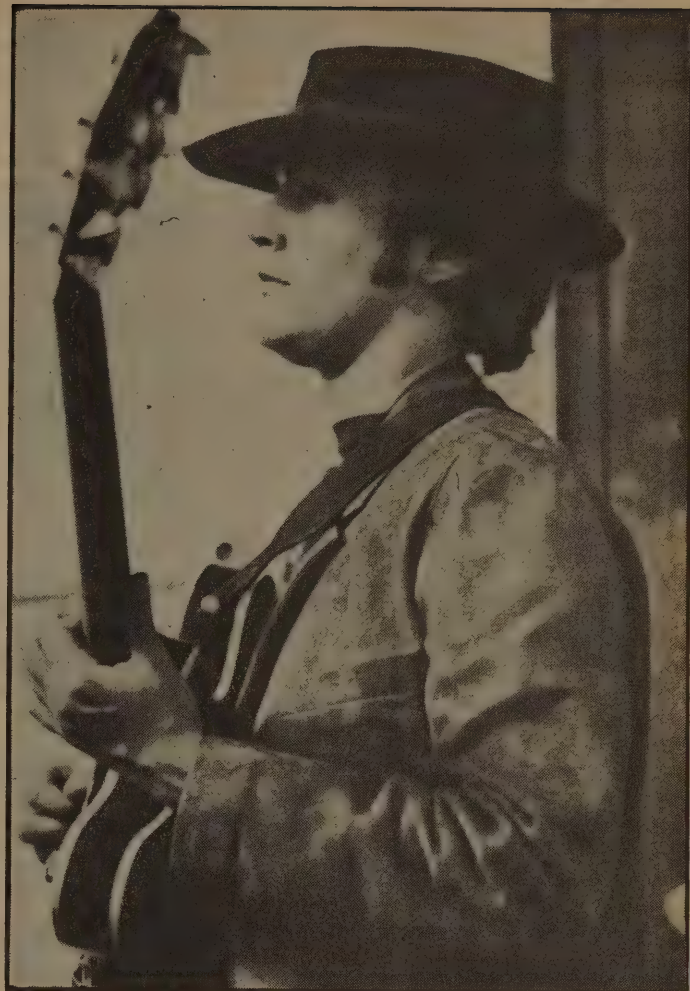
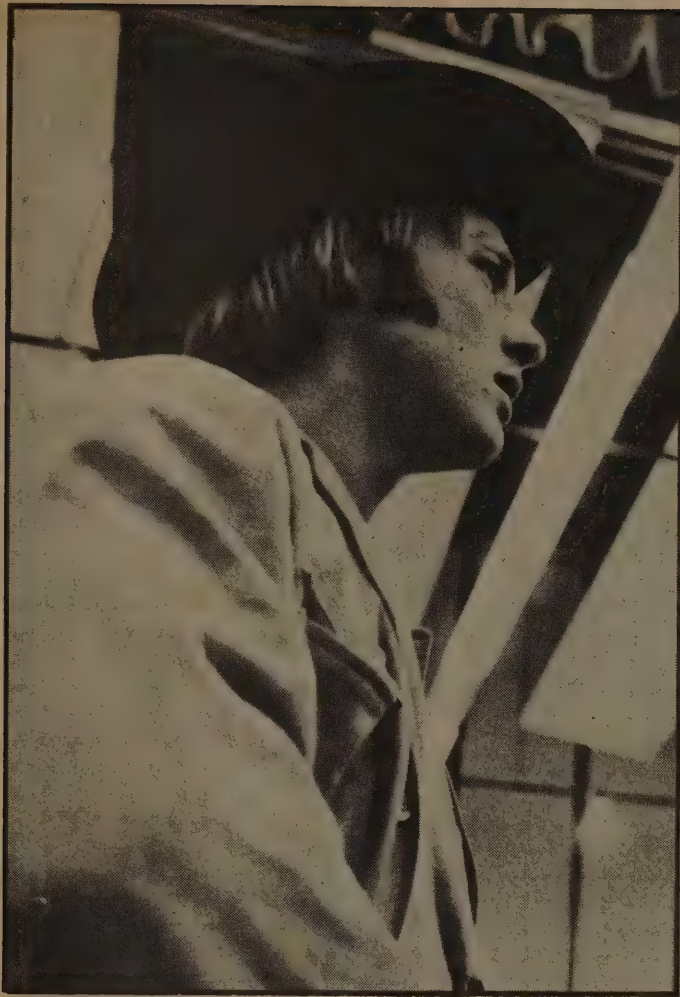
Then the three of them packed off to London in late Autumn to get it together. They came home around Christmastime, 1968 with a bagful of songs and a lot of enthusiasm. They signed to Atlantic, which, when you think about it, is where they belong, and they began an album.

"It's important that you don't talk about us as a group," Nash emphasized, "because we're not. We're three individuals and we're making an album together. If it comes off so we're all proud of it, we'll go on from there. But it's not a group. I just left a group and I don't want to be in another one."

What, I asked him, did he consider the essential difference.

"The commitment. I don't want to feel as if I have to be in a certain place at a





certain time, to arrange my life to suit anybody but me. If you're in something groovy and something groovier comes along well, you should go and do that. I've always been kind of selfish that way."

Did you leave the Hollies specifically to sing with David and Stephen? Did it happen before or after?

"During. Ah, it happened during the Hollies. The Hollies were getting into a really commercial kind of thing and I just didn't want to do it. They wanted to do an album of all Dylan songs, you know make them real commercial and I just had no enthusiasm for it. And when I was in L.A., we all sat down and played together and it sounded so beautiful I knew I'd want to do it. It was a big risk for me. It's hard to be sure of what financial level you're going to be able to maintain and it was hard for me to leave the Hollies for that reason. I guess I'm taking a chance, moving out here to L.A., leaving my money in England and singing with David and Stephen. But it's what I want, at least it is for now."

I flew to Los Angeles for the prime purpose of hearing their music. You might call it the height of self indulgence. But for me it was the only thing to do, you know, it seems like a good idea at this time. I am the child of

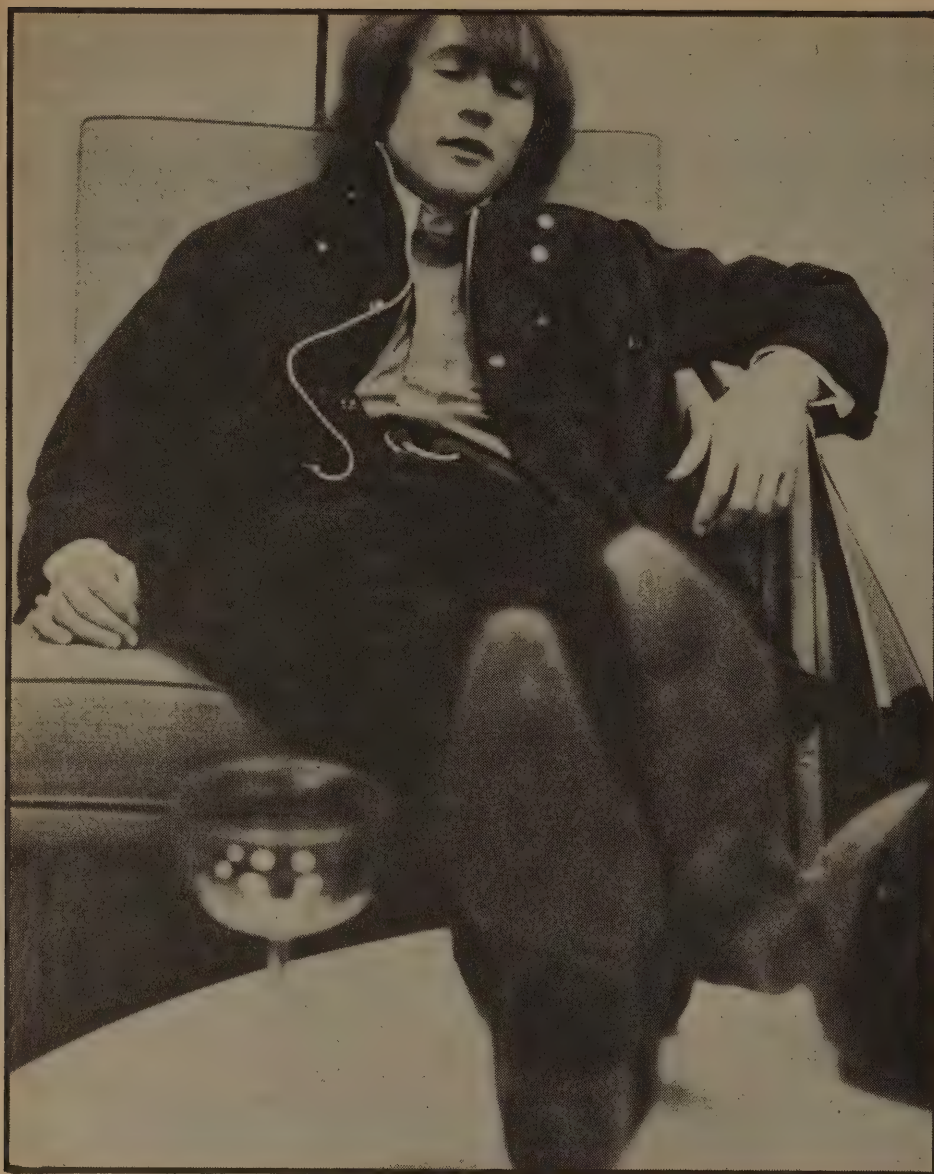
this music, a rock and roll lady cum typewriter and I go when and where and as the muse beckons. The muse has never been wrong and the magic that generates it is stronger and more valid than sense or reason. You go with the music, go to the music, work for and with the music, and the magic erupts around you. For me, it can't be any other way. It was a phenomenal trip.

One evening Donovan, in town for the taping of his TV special, visited the session, dressed in baggy pants and a white jacket. They played the tapes for him and he rolled up his scrawny hands into little fists and danced around like a spastic scarecrow. Stephen Stills was mixing in the control room and Donovan, Nash and I went into the studio. They sang together, new songs, old songs, *Happiness Runs* and a slightly abortive *Hey Jude*. Everybody forgot the words so we sang "we love Paul." I'm sure he heard us.

Joni Mitchell, in the midst of her own album at the time, checked in often. One night she played some songs she'd composed on the piano. One was a love song to Willie and if you could take your eyes off Miss Mitchell in a long velvet dress and long blonde hair you saw Nash go a little misty. Later, while watching them sing, she began to write a lyric about a Nashville boy.

One night when the takes were almost too beautiful to bear, Chris Sorens, the road manager, David's friend Christine and I went out for eats and came back with three enormous cream pies for a bustout pie fight. We surprised them all and hurled the pies in their faces while Joni Mitchell just sat there and freaked. We got some on Stephen's beloved fur parka and he sulked in a corner while we cleaned up the mess on the floor and furniture. Everyone else was laughing. But Stills may never forgive us.

David Crosby's house is out in the wilds of Beverly Glen. It had been raining for over a month when I got to L.A., that's more rain than they usually get in a full year. The whole town is grim, the ground is eroding and Crosby's driveway is a national disaster area. You have to park the car down the hill and walk up. Inside is redwood and incense and a color TV is playing. It's a re-run of an old Pete Seeger program featuring Mississippi John Hurt. Crosby, Stills and Nash are glued to the set, expostulating like a bunch of fifties folkknicks. The program ends and they each try to pick out that Mississippi John Hurt double thumbing pattern. Stephen starts to sing "You Got To Walk That Lonesome Valley" culminating in a self parody so perfect it might have been intentional.



You never can tell about Stills. At 24, he already qualifies as a veteran of the American music scene. "Been on the road since I'se 15," he'll tell you, his first gig was as a stable boy at a racetrack. Out front he's a stone hick. His presence is a studied forbiddingness, he literally glowers as he stalks the house, the studio or the Strip. He says little, smiles less, drops perfectly uproarious one liners, poker faced when you'd least expect them. You know him better, perhaps, by his songs.

His lyrics are precise and clean, they hit right between the questions and the fears. They're full of feeling, unafraid, vulnerable and expressed with an almost helpless ease. His melodies are irreproachable, beautifully inflected. Like Beatle songs, they have lovely random surfaces and irresistible melodic patterns. Like some middle period (Highway 61) Dylan songs, Stills uses words as image circuits on one level, yet his songs are eminently more accessible than Dylan's, less introverted, more direct. You love them at first encounter and if you get into them, which is inevitable,

they wear increasingly well. Like the best of any kind of art, it realizes itself by way of revealing you to yourself.

At David Crosby's house it was a good opportunity to see the three of them relaxed and funning around. Star Trek was interrupted by Jim Dixon, the original manager of the Byrds who had come by to play some tapes. Van Dyke Parks and Paul Williams, ex-editor of *Crawdaddy!* and author of *Outlaw Blues* (which by the way is one of the most entertaining books on rock published thus far) had come over to hear them.

The tapes were demos the Byrds had made before they were signed to Columbia, some of them before they even had equipment. On several tracks the percussion was beat on a tambourine on top of a carton because they didn't have drums. They were mostly Gene Clark songs, all folksy pretty and love-lorn and you could hear early strains of what was to eventually become the Byrds. It sounded like a bunch of guys who used to be the Everly Brothers trying to be the Beatles. They laugh at the thought.

"Wait'll you hear the next one," Crosby yocks at Nash. And the next one reeks with phrases embarrassingly derivative of the Hollies. More laughter.

The original **Mr. Tambourine Man** is on there and though it's not quite together you could already hear the magic in its embryonic form. It was a beautiful moment for me, watching them listen to the past, go through nostalgic changes and get their futures together.

"Let's play the album," Nash suggested, and picked up a guitar. And they ran through the songs accompanying themselves on three acoustic guitars.

The songs are exquisite. There's Suite J, seven minutes of Stephen Stills' heartbroken song to Judy Collins, a jivey tunelet by Nash called **Marrakesh Express**. Guenevere is a haunting portrait of a strangely lovely lady by David Crosby. Nash wrote **Pre-Road Downs**, another rock and roll number, Crosby, Stills and Paul Kantner of the Airplane wrote **Wooden Ships**, a sonic science fiction trip with an undulating instrumental break at midsection. Stills' **You Don't Have To Cry** is impossible to sit still to and Graham Nash wrote the corniest, boozyest luv-mush tune and called it **Lady of the Island**. "That's so's all the little girls can fall in love with Graham....again," sneers Crosby. In an affectionate way, you understand. Of course.

Two songs by Stephen, **49 Reasons** and **Bye Bye Baby** were combined to form one song called **49 Bye Byes**, which will probably be the last cut on the album. They concluded the mini-concert with a harmonized version of Paul McCartney's "Blackbird" and I begged them to put it on the album. If Don had been there we would have sung "we love Paul" again.

There's plenty of material that won't be on the album. And, as they all agree with Graham on the anti-group concept, they each plan to find time to do solo albums.

Paul Williams and David Crosby were collaborating on songs. The first one is titled "The Word Has New Meaning." "I know that word," Nash smiles. "Its the same word as---you know...all you need is word." They are at another session and everybody is giggling in delight.

It's late. Music comes weaving out of the gigantic speakers in the 16 track studio. They've just struggled through a mix, there were bits and pieces on every track and they had to pull them all together. Dallas Taylor, a remarkable percussionist-telepath who used to be with Clear Light is gunning a drum track.

We take a little break. Someone has brought wine, cheese, fruit and deli. Graham and Joni are getting silly together. Stephen is muttering about getting back to work. David is slumped on the couch cuddling a bottle of wine. He closes his eyes and his mouth curls into a smile. "I've never had so much fun making an album in my entire life." □
ellen sander

TIM BOGERT

Vanilla Fudge Bass



HP: What kind of equipment do you play?

Tim: It's a homemade Fender axe. Fender built me a precision body with a Telecaster neck and a set of 1968 pickups. I've got an old precision Fender from 1947 with a 217 serial number, but that's my baby and I leave it home. Those old Fenders have a real punchy sound, it pops. When you hit a note, it's got a real thick, fat tone. It's just funky. The newer ones don't seem to

have it. That seems to hold true with most instruments. I used to play alto and tenor sax and I have a 1952 Selmer. It has an unbelievable mellow sound.

HP: Do you think it's just the age of the instrument?

Tim: No. Because they sounded just as funky when they were newer.

HP: How did you fall into playing bass?

Tim: When I was fifteen, I was playing horn and I wanted to play bass very much. I've always loved bass. That kicking bottom thing always knocked me out. At the time Fender was the big thing. Everybody owned one. I saved my money so around 1963 I got one. To this day I remember going to the store with my dad to buy one. I almost polished the paint off it that night. About two years ago, that bass was stolen and it tore me up. I went through six basses wishing and hoping for one that was as good. Finally, Fender offered to build me one. They said I could have anything I wanted. I planned it all out and it's beautiful. For me it's perfection. If that's stolen, I'll kill.

HP: What exactly did you want that you couldn't get in a store-bought bass?

Tim: Most basses are slightly bowed around the twelfth fret. I bowed mine in the opposite direction because I want very high action. I use very heavy strings and they're high off the neck. It also has a wide neck.

HP: How do you get such a smooth sound on a bass with frets? Don't the frets bump when you slide a note?

Tim: It comes with technique. You have to caress the strings. It can be very harsh with the frets or you can put more bottom in the tone and take some top off. It's possible to get all the effects of an acoustic bass.

HP: What kind of amplifier do you have?

Tim: It's a combination of a Fender and a Traynor. It's all sixteen ohms and it's got three Fender bottoms and three Traynor bottoms and Fender tops. They're hooked up in parallel series. I can get an

acoustic sound or a fuzz sound with immediate switch-over. I use a fuzz box too, occasionally. I like it for a symphonic sound. It has a low rumbling sound, especially against an organ bottom sound.

HP: Have you ever experimented with bass through a wah-wah pedal?

Tim: Yes but I didn't care for it. It cuts too much off the signal before it gets into the amplifier. I don't like gimmicks. I can only take about five minutes of fuzz. It's all right for a couple of licks.

HP: What were you doing when you played horn?

Tim: I was in several bands with horn sections. They weren't really soul bands, like now. They were more like the Champs or Johnny & The Hurricanes.

HP: Were there any particular bass players at the time that inspired you?

Tim: Yes. The guy with King Curtis. Anything he played. Curtis knocked me out with his horn playing so I dig the whole band. I went to see them every chance I had. I still dig them and listen to all their records.

HP: What do you think of Paul McCartney?

Tim: He's great. He's very simple but he has exquisite taste. He never makes a bad cut.

HP: I wonder how McCartney got that smooth slide bass on "Ob-La-Di?"

Tim: Oh, I think he uses a fretless bass on recording sessions. I think it's called an Echo, a little German bass. I'm sure he doesn't use his Hofner bass on sessions. But you can slide on a fretted bass without hearing a click once it's set up properly.

HP: Did you just put the horn down and pick up a bass?

Tim: Well after the horn I dropped out for two years. When I came back my first gig was on bass.

HP: You probably started off on simple stuff?

Tim: Not too simple. Do you know what I mean by West Side New York sound?

HP: You mean the Italian thing?

Tim: Sort of, like the Peppermint Lounge, the Wagon Wheel.

HP: Oh, Joey Dee & The Starlighters, the twist thing.

Tim: Yeh, sort of. I started out on that. No, wait, that was my horn days. It's confusing.

HP: You mean "Neo-Twist." (laughter)

Tim: Yeah, "Post-Twist."

HP: Do you ever sit down with the drummer and work out rhythm things?

Tim: Sometimes. Carmine and I sit down a lot and work things out to get tight. That's very important with us. The drummer is doing his own thing and the guitar and organ are working together so I have to get in there and glue it all together. Besides being moving and melodic, I've got to keep it pushing and make it whole. I can go along on my own tangent, but not so far off that everything falls apart. I get lost with words. I wish I could play it for you.

HP: How do you transcribe ideas into sound? Like a writer or a painter has words and images to work with. How do you think?

Tim: I'm not really conscious of what I'm playing. I don't know the notes well enough anyway. It's just that I have this bass in my hands and something in my head. I'm lucky, I guess, that I can transfer it out of the amplifier. I'm not a trained musician. I just know what I want to play and mostly it comes out. I guess it's involved with feeling. I'm depressed or elated, or something that's moving enough to make me want to play that way.

HP: When you compose a song how do you make the music fit the idea in your head?

Tim: Same way. Just by feeling.

HP: Do you compose by building around your bass?

Tim: To a point. It must be different from the way a guitarist would compose. I only think bass. I don't think guitar

or any other instrument. My main thing is rhythm. That's what drew me to the bass.

HP: Since you dig rhythm so much, why did you choose bass rather than drums?

Tim: I really don't know. I've often thought of that though. I've never had a desire to play drums. I'm completely and totally hung up with bass.

HP: When you played horn, did you use it rhythmically?

Tim: Sort of. Yes, there might have been some transferring there.

HP: Do you still hear horn lines when you play bass?

Tim: Sometimes, but I steal from all over the place.

HP: Who are some of your favorite bass players?

Tim: Charlie Mingus, John Paul Jones with Led Zeppelin, Jamison the Motown cat, Duck Dunn at Stax, Jack Bruce for innovation. He has done very different things on bass. Bruce has played guitar things on bass. I like Ray Brown too because he's the master.

HP: Did you ever play an upright bass?

Tim: No, I can't. I played a fretless Ampeg. That's the closest I came to it. I liked it, but I have to stick to frets. That's what I started with.

HP: What kind of strings do you use?

Tim: Labella. Very heavy gauge strings.

HP: You must have deep highways running through your fingers.

Tim: Enormous blisters too. I took a little vacation and last night my fingers got torn up. My thumb is weeping right now. I pick with my thumb, index and middle fingers with a combination of smashing and dragging. For some patterns I use one or two fingers down or maybe the thumb up. It's easier to go across up with the thumb than it is two fingers across. It's more comfortable and you can do a lot more with it. You go one thing across and then two things down and it sounds like a lot when you're not actually moving. You're hitting a lot of notes, but you're not working.

HP: It seems to me that the Vanilla Fudge is built around bass and drums.

Tim: An awful lot of it is. We get the rhythm ideas. The other guys come up with melodic ideas. I get a lot of chord patterns too and Carmine gets into a syncopation thing. Mark comes up with counterpoint things on organ against Vince's guitar lines and counter melodies.

HP: What was your first experience with the Fudge?

Tim: Mark, the organist, and I formed a group and we just watched it grow. We started as a nightclub group with a chick singer up front. Just cocktail music. We broke that up and got Vince on guitar and Carmine on drums. We formed the Fudge almost two and a half years ago because we wanted to do arrangements. The first song we ever did was "You Keep Me Hangin' On." We did mostly top 40 songs with very different arrangements. We've always been arrangers rather than songwriters. We got a lot of pressure to write our own stuff and we were rushed into it. The first album could have been much better, but we only had two weeks on it. Now we're producing our own stuff, but there's so much we don't know. We've got a lot to learn. Our new album has one live side we did in California called "Break Song." It usually takes about forty minutes but we cut it in half for the album. The flip side has "Shotgun," "Some Velvet Morning," and "Where Is Happiness." That's the whole album. Carmine and I do most of the work with an engineer. We learned a lot listening to the final test pressing. It has six or seven glaring mistakes and a few things that could have been done much better. But we're learning.

HP: You made a lot of noise with "You Keep Me Hangin' On." Didn't that song hold you down, sort of put you in to a bag?

Tim: Yeah. We were stereotyped for a while. I guess the public figured that's all we could do. Then when we started to grow they said "Why did you get out of that bag." Very strange. That's why we

want to produce our own stuff.

HP: Did you learn bass by playing along with records?

Tim: Mostly I did. The King Curtis records, old Atlantic records, the Stax records. Oh, the flip side of "Green Onions" by Booker T. & The MG's was "Behave Yourself" and that was a gas. That was my first real introduction to down home blues. It blew my head. I still love to play along with that record. Wow, I left out a bass player that kills me. A cat by the name of Larry Graham with Sly & The Family Stone. He's outrageous. Just beautiful. He's without doubt the most funkiest cat I've ever heard. I listen to Sly a lot too and play along with the records.

HP: What are some of the major rhythm changes you've been through since you picked up bass?

Tim: Well, twist is straight 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, no change, no variation. Just push-kick-push-kick. The change came with bass and drums. They started kicking patterns. A one and, then a three-one and. The bass went along with it. Patterns changed into a lot more string trip things. Then it got into syncopation. Now it's basically into free form. As long as the beat is still there, as long as you don't lose it, just play.

HP: What kind of music did you hear when you were growing up?

Tim: Rock and roll. For me blues came from Chuck Berry. I always dug hard rock with a blues feeling. I've always been a down head. Musically, I dig down music, sad torch type songs. I'm not a happy good time, musician. I don't like to play happy things. The whole band is like that. Everything we play is down and funky. I love that feeling in jazz too, like Shirley Scott, Stanley Turrentine. It's bouncy but it's down, Cannonball Adderly, Ornette Coleman. When I first heard "Cristo Redentor" by Donald Byrd my mind went to pieces. It took me an hour to recover from that. That kind of music takes me to a place I can't get to any other way and I love being there. □ jim delehant

The Mind Of A Modern Bluesman TAJ MAHAL

I am a crazy swamp guy. I love swamps. Brick buildings are cool too, they have their own grotesque beauty and this is a very intricate thing to think about and work on. Some people can feel warm about bricks, but swamps happen to move me.

I was born in New York City and brought up in a little town called Springfield. That's in Massachusetts. It was an industrial center with lots of farming on the outskirts.

You noticed that I didn't have an accent. That's because I've been through a lot of trips. I can speak parts of quite a few languages. But my father who didn't even graduate from high school spoke seven languages. He was born in New York City and the best language he spoke was Yiddish.

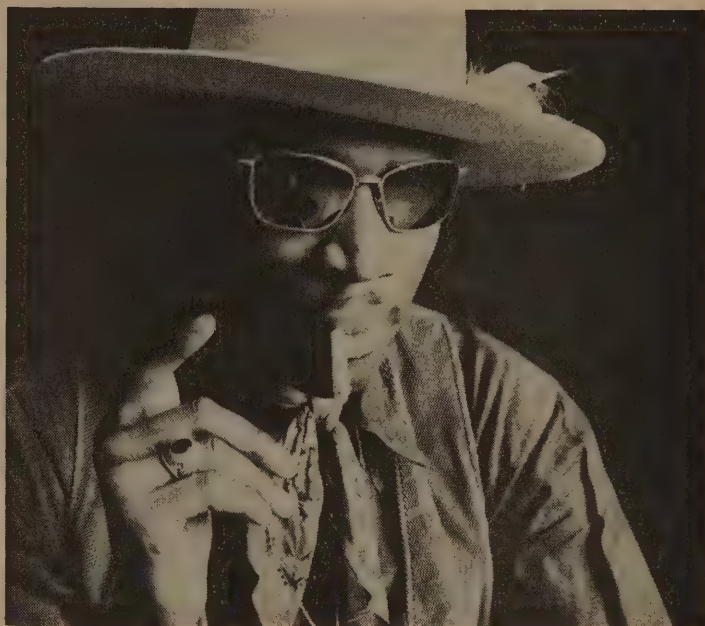
My mother who came from South Carolina used to make gevilta fish for us.

Ever since I was a kid, I was with people from various backgrounds. My grandmother and grandfather were born and raised in a Jewish neighborhood in the city. My grandfather was a conductor in the New York subway system and my grandmother was a homebody. She worked every now and then. So, when my father got home from work he'd go nextdoor to see the Tromans who were groovy people. We were all one big family since back before my father's time. My father spoke Yiddish, Spanish, French, Portuguese, English, just everything and he was one of Brooklyn's best board skaters.

My father was an Aires and my mother was a Taurus. So it gives me kind of a weird set up. I'm a Taurus myself and it gives me strength in some areas. But you get bull-headed every now and then. I moved to Los Angeles and got very bullheaded and it hung me up. So, I moved to San Francisco where it's much cooler and I was OK.

But back to the swamp kick. It's true I'm really crazy. There's lots of swamps in Massachusetts. I dig water a lot although it makes me paranoid to get into it. But I get into the water every now and then as a measure of my ability.

Last summer, I saved two kids from ten foot waves. I had forewarned them about it but they went out into it. Me being paranoid about water, all reason just disappeared and I went out into it. Those kids were too young and they would have been lost. I did it though and it freaked me out. The excitement of that was incredible. The wave was up over my head and I'm 6ft. 3in. or 4in. or something. (I don't know if those statistics are right because they



might change the inch and I might be taller than I think I am. So I don't go by statistics too much.)

The only thing that's really constant in life is change. The sooner you get yourself together, you realize there's a lot of changes that you go through. It's on a thinking and feeling level rather than words or statistics.

Everybody should read Eric Fromme at age 19 and then re-read him at age 26 and 35. About every ten years you should read Eric Fromme. He always presents new goals and new things to look forward to. The book I'm talking about is called "Love and Lust." He really understands this and gets it all together with the least bit of words and confusion. Fromme, Jerry Hopkins, who writes for the Los Angeles Free Press, Arnold Toynbee, to some extent, and a few other people are really into the crux of the matter. They really get inside people's minds and bodies. Lately, I've been reading Huxley and I've come to the conclusion that if you're not ready to handle his stuff, the end result is paranoia. That's what I heard about Huxley and I didn't want to get anymore paranoid then I was already. But when I decided to tackle Huxley, I saw that he wasn't talking about robots. His robots are real people, human beings. Like the last time I was in San Francisco, they blocked off Height St. for a big band number and the Grateful Dead played. Even though I knew the street was shut off,

I was walked anywhere. And then when you're on a jet and the no smoking sign comes on, you've got to fasten your safety belt. Rules really are for robots. So there's not much you can do except go your own way and realize that you'll be objected to. You also have to love those people that object to you. They've gone through a lot of pretention to get where they are and many of them have made a lot of money. Pretention at any cost.

It's getting to be that music has no color. Through the music we're developing a society that's an alternative to the pretentious society. True, the music society is a minority. It's a minority because it's enclosed in certain areas to be observed by the aggressor. That includes any kind of ghetto. When I was a kid, I might have gotten away with stealing something from the man's store but he got back at me in other ways. Now I'm emancipating myself from myself and it's all based on what I learned and how I learned. I don't want to go back to being a gas station attendant or working in an armory. I play the guitar and harmonica and I like blues and all kinds of good music. Blues happens to be a very sensual, down into the body music and that's why it's catching on now. People want real things. That's why I have to get out of Los Angeles. I've been living there for a couple of years. I have to get out and see some country and people that I like. I'm moving to San

Francisco. It's a beautiful city and the people are proud of their city. If there's something to vote on, the people vote on it. They don't want freeways coming through the center of town, so they all get together and vote it out. They want to move with a speed that's natural. If somebody wants to move faster, they can go back to Los Angeles. You have to be aware of choices so that you can make the right one.

Living on the East Coast for 20 years, I found that I had to work very hard. There I ended up not liking myself because I don't like work.

The area where I was brought up, in Springfield, was pretty well integrated. They were mostly Negro, Jewish and Italian. We shared things. Like we cooked our food and they cooked their food and we exchanged. That's when you understand that people are different and they have their ways, but that's okay. You can like some of the things they have and learn from them but you can never be them. That's okay too. You can still get along together.

We had a two-family house in Springfield. The top floor was a Negro family and the second floor was an interracial family. It's always been that way with us. Everybody needs a place to live and all you need to know is that they are good people. That's the only thing you have to question.

Different people do get along in some places. But basically this country isn't ready for any kind of cool action. Everybody is geared up to an aggressive situation and they've got the robots to pull it off. I've managed to get out of those games that are being played. The black vs white game, the white vs black game, the black vs black game. I haven't completely. You see, to be a black man in America you've got to work three times as hard, keep your house three times as clean, talk fifteen times better and then everybody may accept you. I'm getting out of that. I'd rather be myself. Somebody might say hello to me and despite what I see in his eyes, I'll be courteous enough to return the hello.

I recently re-evaluated my whole family growing up thing. I had a lot of opportunities that other people might not have had. Of course, there were things too heavy for me to understand. My parents are happy people and they try to work hard. My mother is a college educated woman and my father is a self-educated man. In fact, my mother's working for her PHD in psychology. She gave birth to six kids and has three step-children. Now it may seem impossible to get that done, but she did it. Also, a woman like that doesn't usually marry a non-professional. But she did and she's had a happy life. My father taught her the things she could never learn, and my mother taught my father things. He was born in New York of West Indian parents. My mother was of Indian, Irish and Negro parents. I have cousins that are unrecognizable. I can trace my ancestors on my mother's side back to importees from the West Indies. I know my origins. I'm not just a black man in America.

Through that I've learned that this country is a wonderful country despite the political structure. You can express yourself and go wherever you want to go. You can pick the biggest pearl and you pay the price. Depending on your frame of mind, the price can be one of pleasure or pain. Some people think that the price is always pain. But, that's not always true. You can understand that when you read Eric Fromme. Often during your life you give somebody something spontaneously, and then you think, geez, why did I do that but I really wanted to and I have no regrets. You can buy things and own things along the way but the only thing that really exists is you coming and going. We're all naked and we wear clothes because we're afraid of ourselves. Breaking away from all that is very hard.

Now here's a weird thing about the black power structure. Negroes have always disliked being called black. Now they're accepting it. That's one extreme. Then the NAACP has formed an organization dedicated to copping out of the game. The man has you where he wants. You have to be civil and upstanding and have professional pride. They're getting involved with all these coined phrases. It's a big drag. That's why I am what I am whoever that is. To be a free man in this country, you've got to work out a lot of things that you've learned. I understand that being free is a state of mind. If you're living in Chicago and you don't dig it, you can go to Seattle. You might not dig it there either. But that's not the issue. They might start throwing bricks at you and you try to hold out until they let up. So you've got to know what it is to be free in your mind. My thing is playing music with anybody that plays black, white or green. If I feel it then we've got something going. Instead of digging "Yellow Polka Dot Bikini" a white guy might say 'Hey, do you dig James Brown's 'Try Me.' Now that guy's not putting down his own music, but that shows he's got soul. He likes what James Brown is doing. Everybody is under pressure now so they want to get that feeling from the music. When I hear a band pull off a blues number, I don't care if it's a black band or a white band. Blues is blues.

Now you can take a folk song from the Appalachian Mountains and trace it back to Scotland or Wales or maybe to King Arthur's Court. Then you add a 1-4-5-1 rhythmic concept, which you can trace back to Africa and you start to see where the blues came from. The banjo came out of North Africa and that's what the Negro's playing. They just plucked at it then they added more strings to get chords for spirituals. Guitar came much later to Negroes. There's a lot of things people don't know. Like people laugh at me for wearing cowboy clothes. That's because they don't know that Negroes were the best Pony Express soldiers for Wells Fargo. No robbers would bother holding up a colored Pony Express guy because they didn't have any money. That's a fact. Go read a book called

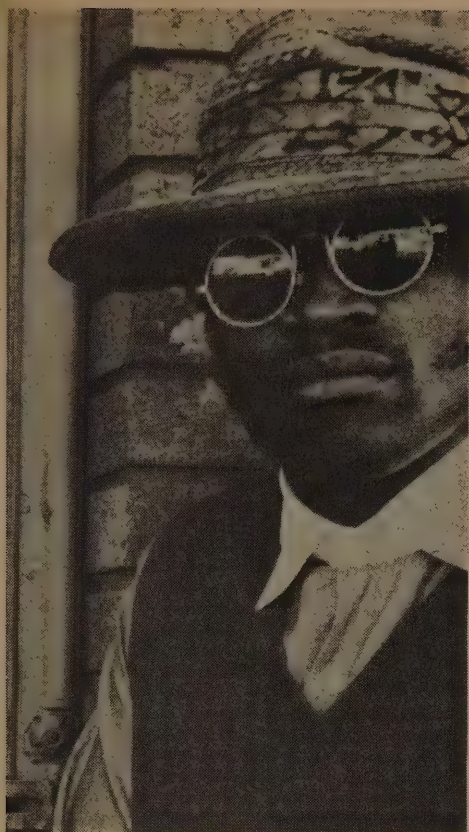


America's Negro Cowboys. I stared thinking what were Negroes doing in the 1800's? We couldn't have been on the plantations because everybody was freed and they split to different states. What did they do? They sure weren't listening to Aretha Franklin. It's simple. They became cowboys, cooks, medicine men, doctors, lawyers. Unfortunately, the older generation of Negroes is hung up on religion and "let me hear the rustle of dollar bills, not the jingling of coins" - that whole fear thing. They never got themselves together. Negro youth is now aggravated about that because the older generation didn't tell them where it's at.

I went to college and got a degree in Animal science. I could be an Animal doctor if I want, but I went to school basically to see what other people were like. School was very easy so I enjoyed listening to other people's ideas much more. I could be a doctor and play that game within the confines but I'd much rather play my music and share ideas with other human beings. You can't learn how to live in a draggy situation until you get away from it.

I know I have something to say and I'm beginning to work it into my music. I've used other people's ideas to begin. But that's all right because you start where you know best. Gradually, I'll go on to my own thing.

My real name is hard to say. I'm not even sure it's real. It's a given name which comes out of plantations and slavery. I took the name Taj Mahal because it's not out of that culture, my parents or my people. Now that I've come to grips with that I like my own name. My real name is Henry Sainte Claire Fredricks-Williams. My real name is built on hope. My parents said "We'll name him a good name so that he'll



but he was with me 100%. It had to do with his 26-year-old son who was messing up his house, bringing his greasy motorcycle in and telling the old man to shove off. I said your problem is you're uptight about your son. He felt guilty that he was responsible for his kid's life. But he's not. He committed a natural act that created another human being. This being is alone in the world and up to a point he has taken on his own responsibilities. The old man made the son beholden to him in a negative way. People should be responsible and loving. If everybody's giving then everybody is receiving.

I got into music when I first heard some old blues records. It was real and it just turned me right on. My mother was into the classics and gospel music and my father played some jazz piano and he was into Basie, Ellington and Louis Jordan. The blues just knocks me out and when it's real good it makes me vibrate. It's like a very sensuous chick and she can't even help it. You can't help but be turned on by that woman. It makes you realize that you're alive and there's good things in life. People should be seeing the good things because that's the only way you're going to be happy.

When you feel you're alive, you can do whatever you want. I could move to Mississippi if I want, but I won't because they're not on my trip. I recognize that for what it is. Despite that I believe the south has the most potential of any area in the U.S. Not the north because the north is dedicated to slavery itself. All the money is in the north and the industrialists are exploiting the people and the natural resources in the south. That's really why the south hates the north. In the south, the black people have stayed in one kind of mentality for a long time. Now they're going to school and they're fresh human beings with a hunger to learn. But they get hung up in school and try to get into this other society. They should understand that first you have to be a man. Everyone of us is alone and you have to know yourself. You're judged by your peers and you'll take their word for it if you accept it. To be a man you should judge yourself. That's all in the music I love-blues and country music-and it's all got soul and there's no colors. Everybody got a message.

Ever since I was a kid, I've heard people putting down the man. "The Man" could be black, white, green or purple. I can meet a black cop in New York and he'll say to me "What's happening brother." He's really afraid but he asks me what's happening and the white cop with him doesn't understand what that means. He's saying to me, "This is my job, man and I'm trying to make it in this world." Compassion is a beautiful thing. It makes life much easier. In that way you can understand the weaknesses of other human beings. We're geared to love things that conform to what we understand. But that can't be because we're always meeting people who have been raised differently.

There's always been an underground of Negro popular music that's never made the broader popular market. But there's always been enough white musicians into music enough that they were disturbed by what the Negro underground was saying. Now, as the generations went on, the minority-the losers have finally developed a community. They have a voice now but it's still not big enough for a mass influence. Blues, country blues, country western and bluegrass is real music for the people. They say things in their music that they wish they could say in real life.

I just want to be happy. I'm not hung up with commercial success for my band. I don't even care too much if I own things, I'd rather give something of mine to somebody who needs it.

I don't know I guess I'm crazy. If I had a choice to hear Ike & Tina Turner or go to some swamp in Minnesota and listen to the loons in the moonlight, I would go to Minnesota. But I'd take a tape of Ike & Tina with me. See, I can't have the loons out in civilization, so I'll go to the loons and bring what I like with me. It's no longer city and country with me. It's just life. As long as I know I can go where I want to go, then I'm happy.

I love all the guys in my band. My lead guitar player is Jesse Edwin Davis III. He's a full-blooded Kiowa Indian. He's from Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico. A beautiful, beautiful, person. I'm never worried about him. He has his own personal style. I never tell anybody what to play. Eddie is a Virgo. This whole band gets along fine.

I was in a band once that was Scorpio, Aries, Pieces, and Gemini and I'm a Taurus. That was a terrible band. We just couldn't make it.

Now we've got a new drummer who's cool but I don't know his sign. Bill Boatman is on rhythm guitar. He's a very quiet guy. You could drop a bomb next to him and he'd say, "Well, I don't understand what's happening, man, but something's going on." He's beautiful. At first I was concerned about having an interracial band, but that's all changed now. If a guy can play that's it.

I think the first guy who really got into using the electricity of electric guitar as a new instrument was B.B. King. B.B. always wanted to play bottleneck guitar. He was a first cousin to Booker White who was a bottleneck guitarist. But B.B. could never learn. So, he took advantage of electricity, distortion, feedback, overtone and introduced a new style. He started the single line style of blues. He's completely removed from the country corny bunch who used very small lines. B.B. got into playing melodic passages, singing and backing up his voice.

Blues power is love. Through it we all know we've been down at one time or another. So, we've got to get up. Like when a Southern musician comes up to me and says, "Man, you sure play beautiful." That crosses the barrier. So it comes down to compassion through the music. □taj &jim delehant

prove we are good people." And that's cool because I dig my mother for believing that I was a good person. With her limited amount of knowledge, she did a very nice thing. She made some mistakes but I'm not hung up with them anymore because I live now and not then. Being aware of the past as a way of dealing with the future is a drag.

The insights of an "intelligent" man and an "ignorant" man are about the same. Intelligent man wishes he could be ignorant because he's learned so much and ignorant man wants to be intelligent because he only has a soulful knowledge of himself. Ignorant feels that with a little more knowledge he can deal with intelligent man on his level. Both of them get confused going back and forth and ignorant man says "Wow, I'm no match for him" - enter guilt, fear, hostility, complacency, resignation. Intelligent man is self assured by word only, worthless foam from the mouth. He said "Well, I'm working on a \$50,000 deal for rap rap rap" and ignorant says "Wow, that's a lot of money." \$50,000 is **nothing**. The only cats that know about \$50,000 are the ones that lift it. All the other cats just work on paper and they never see the money. I can't accept that so I'm going back to 1 plus 1 equals 2. This society has lots of ways of killing people and making robots out of them. That's how sophisticated it is. It's like when everybody is against the black power militants "Oh, we should rid the country of that gang," but they don't understand that here're some black people you can hate.

I talked to a 56-year-old man one day and straightened out his family problems in four hours. I was laying a lot of heavy stuff on him

BLUES AND ROOTS

My music is as varied as my feelings are, or the world is, and one composition or one kind of composition expresses only part of the total world of my music. In the notes for another album, I go into more detail as to why my pieces are so different from one another and don't have one specific, unalleviated mood, sound or style. At a concert or nightclub I call tunes in an order that I feel is right for the particular situation and what I'm trying to say in that situation. Each composition builds from the previous one, and the succession of compositions creates the statement I'm trying to make at that moment. The greatness of jazz is that it is an art of the moment. It is so particularly through improvisation, but also, in my music, through the successive relation of one composition to another.

This record is unusual - it presents only one part of my musical world, the blues. A year ago, Nesuhi Ertegun suggested that I record an entire blues album in the style of "Haitian Fight Song" (in Atlantic LP 1260), because some people, particularly critics, were saying I didn't swing enough. He wanted to give them a barrage of soul music: churchy, blues, swinging, earthy. I thought it over. I was born swinging and clapped my hands in church as a little boy, but I've grown up and I like to do things other than just swing. But blues can do more than just swing. So I agreed.

I decided to memorize the compositions and then phrase them on the piano part by part to the musicians. I wanted them to learn the music so it would be in their ears, rather than on paper, so they'd play the compositional parts with as much spontaneity and soul as they'd play a solo. And I decided to use a larger group to play in a big band form I'd like to hear that has as many lines going as there are musicians. I called musicians that I knew had great ears for playing and understanding my music.

The first tune, "Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting," is church music. I heard this as a child when I went to meetings with my mother. The congregation gives their testimonial before the Lord, they confess their sins and sing and shout and do a little Holy Rolling. Some preachers cast out demons, they call their dialogue talking in tongues or talking unknown tongue (language that the Devil can't understand). The solos are taken by John Handy, Willie Dennis, Horace Parlan, Booker Ervin and Dannie Richmond.

"The Cryin' Blues" is a blues without the usual tonic, sub-dominant, tonic dominant changes. Booker Ervin opens with the group. After the bass solo, Horace Parlan solos on piano, and Jackie McLean plays with the ensemble on the out chorus.

Some time before making this album I'd bought a book of Jelly Roll Morton tunes that I planned to arrange. I then misplaced the book, and later I wrote "My Jelly Roll Soul" - and impression of or afterthoughts on Jelly Roll's forms and soul. The solos are by Jimmy Knepper, Horace Parlan, Jackie McLean, and Dannie Richmond and I pass the progressions around in bars of four and two.

"E's Flat Ah's Flat Too" is composed by pyramic lines and canon form. The solos are by Mal Waldron, Booker Ervin, Jackie McLean, John Handy and Dannie Richmond.

The solos on "Tensions" are by myself, Jackie McLean, Booker Ervin and Horace Parlan.

In "Moanin'," each musician plays separate lines, simple blues lines. The solos are by Jackie McLean, Pepper Adams and Booker Ervin.

We played down to earth and together, and I think the music has a tremendous amount of life and emotion. □ Charlie Mingus, as told to Diane Dorr-Dorynek.

(These liner notes appear on "Blues and Roots" - Atlantic 1305, which was released in 1960. Used by permission of Atlantic Records.)





JUDY COLLINS

The Lady With The Eyes

The first time I ever really heard of Judy Collins--the first time she entered my consciousness--was in a magazine story in the summer of 1965. The story, as I remember it, was mostly about Judy's personal life, her dedication to social causes, her interest in the study of psychology... obviously a complex, articulate person... but--I thought--in my usual sluggish way--that doesn't necessarily make it musically, so I didn't put myself out to hear her.

Then one night I turned on old WBZ in Boston --(which at that time was the home of Jefferson Kay and Bruce Bradley, those two brilliant East Coast pioneers of progressive popular music on AM radio)---so there I was, turning on WBZ, and Judy Collins was singing... actually, I didn't know who it was, because the record was in progress. It was Billy Edd Wheeler's song, "The Coming of the Roads," from Judy's fifth album. I was completely stunned at the range, the subtlety, and especially, the mystical purity of her voice; I felt immediately as though I were being stirred by forces beyond the material plane; I felt like George MacDonald's Princess Irene in her ghostly great-great-grand-mother's silver bathtub, bottomless and filled with all the stars of the Cosmos. Childhood lullabies like "Baby's Boat's A Silver Moon" and "Sweet and Low" came back to me suddenly. I used to know a fretful baby who could be put into a peaceful trance by one of Peter, Paul and Mary's albums--the one with "Puff the Magic Dragon" and "Fair and Tender Ladies" and "500 Miles" in it. Judy Collins' voice exerts such an amount of mystic force that at times it becomes hypnotic. Occasionally -- (as on the vocal improvisations from "First Boy That I Loved," on her more recent album) -- the voice seems almost to leave her body -- to perpetuate its magical convolutions somewhere in the air above her -- a spiritual personification independent of conscious control.



Judy Collins has many worshippers, and I think the thing that differentiates her from similar vocalists like Jacqui McShee of The Pentangle, and Marianne Faithful -- the thing that draws people to Judy so magnetically is the thrill of her spontaneous note structures, of never knowing exactly how she is going to build the dimension of a song... the suspicion that she doesn't always know, herself.

Out of all the dozens of versions of "Mr. Tambourine Man" recorded, Judy's remains the most subtly shaded; the same with "Daddy, You Been On My Mind." And she is perhaps the only singer around gentle enough and psychically generous enough to turn Leonard Cohen's harsh, cerebral confrontations with God to good communicative purpose -- "Bird on the Wire", "Priests," "Sisters of Mercy," Judy

deserves credit for discovering Cohen's poetry to the public. Based on my entirely unscientific observations, I would say she has an unusually fervid

following among the male sex. I lay this to two factors: first, the great feeling of warmth and security her voice generates -- men respond to this quality

of maternity. One critic recently questioned the presence of so many "father figures" in the album *Who Knows Where the Time Goes*; I think the answer to this is that Judy's own maternal essence is so powerful that she realized the need to provide a balancing masculine element in her choice of music material.

The second factor in drawing male fans to her is her unusual physical beauty --- Bruce Bradley used to refer to her quite appositely as "The Lady With the Eyes". Indeed, after you have had a good look into the infinite limpidity of the huge blue-gray-green eyes of Judy Collins, you wonder rather irrationally, why any of us bother to have eyes when her eyes can see for all of us. What do the eyes of Judy Collins see? She let us look through them with her a little in the *Wildflowers* album. "Since You Asked" and "Sky Fell" are explorations into the 'both sides' of love that Joni Mitchell's song skims lightly. "... what I'll give you since you asked, is all my time together..." the lady offers her lover. "Sky Fell" is the losing end of the affair...

And "Albatross" "Albatross" can best be understood as the reliving of a past incarnation; it is as though Judy wrote this song while under the force of her own hypnotic spell... "... iron wheels rolling through the rain..." Iron wheels of memory rolling back centuries---Perhaps she offers us a key to her own creative process when she says "...The knot of tears around your throat is crystallizing into your design..."

It's always risky to try to translate an aural experience into purely visual terms, but there is a sequence from Michelangelo Antonioni's film "Red Desert" that looks the way Judy Collins sounds: It is the fairy tale story of a girl of about 14, a child of the outdoors, clean-limbed and athletically sweet, who comes to a deserted beach to splash and play alone in the water each day; the stones around the water are of pink quartz-crystal, and the pool itself is the clearest water in the world, pure beyond description, every grain of sand on the sea floor visible. A celestial voice croons wordlessly to the girl and she follows it curiously among the rocks, never finding it, the source of the music always just out of reach. The interlude had no particular relevance to the rest of the film, no "meaning," no message, as far as I could tell, beyond its intrinsic beauty and mystery. I remember thinking only, 'Where did Antonioni ever find such a beach!'... where did Judy Collins ever find such a voice. □ brigitta



ALLAN CLARKE

On Getting The Hollies Together



When Graham finally broke the news that he was leaving the Hollies, I thought that was the end of us. Not that it came as a surprise – I'd sensed for some months that he wasn't happy being a Hollie – and I'd had, in theory, plenty of time to go over all the alternatives. But when that moment I'd been dreading – trying not to

think too much about – became a stark fact, then I was lost. The shock left us all numb.

I was totally unproductive for weeks. Also I'd just re-carpeted my house, had an extension built on and bought a brand new car and my bank balance wasn't all it should have been.

I even had visions of quitting the

business and maybe trying my hand at being a greengrocer, or something. Or maybe I too should quit the group and concentrate on a solo career?

Yes, that really was, at the time, a strong possibility. Should we just stay as a foursome? If we wanted to keep five strong was it possible to find a replacement?

I can tell you now – now that we've got Terry Sylvester to replace Graham – that there was a time when we were sifting through applicants that I thought we'd never find someone suitable.

Anyway, that's just some idea of the turmoil we were in.

Then, and it seemed to happen quite suddenly, I realized that we must go on. Perhaps deep down I'd known it all the time. Looking back on it I think so.

We all got together, had lots of talks, decided we'd get a replacement for Graham and set about trying to find him.

We built up the interest, and the papers kept the Hollies in the news for ages. Then Terry happened to come along, and that was it. I hadn't thought much of the other applicants, but I knew Terry was just right.

I had only met him twice, but it was enough. I knew there was going to be a lot of adjusting, on both sides, and I almost prayed it would work out.

Then we came to record "Sorry Suzanne." I knew beforehand this first session would tell us all a lot. As it turned out, all my worrying had been needless. He fitted in perfectly. If anything, the group's harmony is softer now.

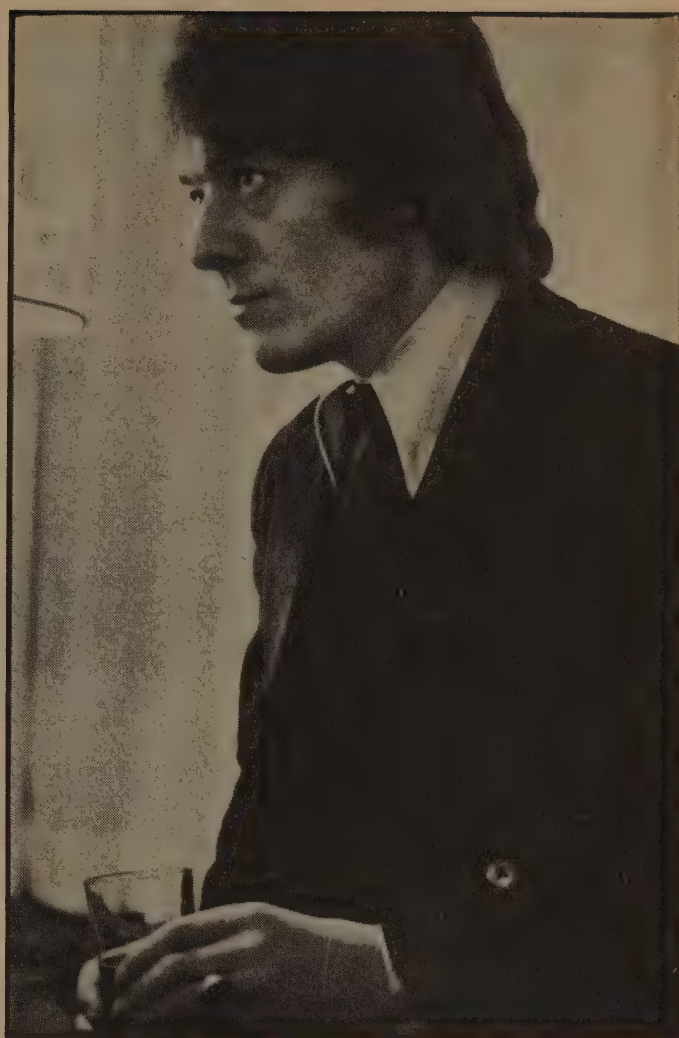
Five years of building had been destroyed but I saw that it would not be a case of starting from scratch again. Terry had always been a fan of the Hollies. He knew all our records straight off.

There is that same feeling of companionship in the group again. We want to help Terry get settled in as quickly as possible, and I've never met anybody so willing to learn and work.

Of course, I still think of Graham. I would stress that we can never be anything but the best of friends. He is happier now than he has ever been, and as long as he is happy, that's all that matters.

When you've known someone for 25 years, and sung with him for 22 of them, you form a special relationship that is something more than friendship. That's how it was with Graham and myself.

It was almost as if we were one and the same person. Graham and I should have got married, we were that close.



Of course, Graham had got involved with the Maharishi, and meditation when it was in vogue. He was gradually drifting apart from us, musically and socially. At one time, he cut himself off from me one hundred per cent.

I thought that he must be right. We had always thought the same way, so I thought it was only fair to give meditation a try.

For a while I fell in with Graham's ideas. Maybe for a while I really believed them, or perhaps I was simply scared he would leave the Hollies. At any cost, I thought, Graham and I must stick together.

But it didn't take very long before I realized that it wasn't me at all. I didn't understand what it was all about. I'm a pint and darts man myself, and there they were, talking about mystical things and ideals.

I often wonder what this meditation thing was all about. To me, it seemed the participants are always out to please a few people they respect. The vast majority of the people just don't interest them.

When you are an entertainer, you just can't ignore Joe Public. Without him, you're nothing. I don't want to

be a philosopher of the pop world. I enjoy sitting in the bar of the Flask, my local, listening to the old folk. I'll have a few beers, a packet of crisps and maybe a game of darts.

There are two reasons I'm in this business, for the money, and to entertain people. I like writing simple songs, I like singing simple songs, and I like telling simple jokes.

Nobody comes up to me and says I'm doing it all wrong, or I should look around for another job. The Hollies are very down to earth people, doing a good job of giving people pleasure.

While I was dabbling in meditation, I was wearing the kaftan and the beads. I went up to Salford one day, and one of the boys came up with a big grin on his face.

I was so self-conscious, I suddenly realized that I was only wearing the outfit because everybody else was. I went straight home and got into a suit.

The future for the Hollies looks very good indeed. Our live shows are getting more ambitious, and better in every way. We can hold a stage for an hour and a half, and not bore the audience for a single second.

My only grievance is the screamers. I cannot be satisfied with a performance unless I know the audience has listened and enjoyed what they have heard. How can they hear anything when they are screaming their heads off? I could be singing the alphabet and they wouldn't know the difference.

If only they could take after the University audiences who are very willing listeners. I think we will be playing at a lot more colleges in the coming months.

As soon as we have got the act perfected, and Terry feels ready for it, we'll be off to America. At the moment that's where we are given the opportunities to really show people what the Hollies are all about.

But Britain is waking up to the fact that we are a good entertaining group, and our own TV show, which we are making ourselves should make a few people think.

Somebody once said you can't fool all the people all the time. We aim to have a damn good try at pleasing all the people all the time.

Even if we are grey and living on vitamin pills, before we accomplish it. □ alan clarke

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• WHERE'S THE PLAY - GROUND SUSIE

(As recorded by Glen Campbell/Capitol)
JIM WEBB

The end has come and found us here
With our toys scattered all around us here
The puzzle that we never found an answer
for
Still ask us darling just what all the games
were for
And here we stand in a box of sand
Where's the playground Susie
You're the one who's supposed to know
her way around
Where's the playground Susie
If I don't stay around
If I don't stay around.

The carousel has stopped us here
It twirled a time or two and then it
dropped us here
And still you're not content with some-
thing about me
But what merry-go-round can you ride
without me
To take your hand, how would you stand
Where's the playground Susie
If I decide to let you go and play around
Where's the playground Susie
If I don't stay around
If I don't stay around.

Where's the playground Susie
You're the one who's supposed to know
her way around
Where's the playground Susie
If I decide to let you go and play around.

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• DON'T LET ME DOWN

(As recorded by the Beatles/Apple)
**JOHN LENNON
PAUL MCCARTNEY**

Don't let me down
Don't let me down
Don't let me down
Nobody ever loved me like she does, oh
she does yes she does
And if somebody loved me like she do me,
oh she do me, yes she does
Don't let me down
Don't let me down
Don't let me down
Don't let me down.

I'm in love for the first time
Don't you know it's gonna last
It's a love that'll last forever
It's a love that has no past
Don't let me down
Don't let me down
Don't let me down
Don't let me down

And from the first time that she really
done me oh she done me, she done me
good
I guess nobody ever really done me, oh
she done me she done me good
Don't let me down
Don't let me down
Don't let me down
Don't let me down.

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• LEANIN' ON YOU

(As recorded by Joe South/Capitol)
JOE SOUTH

I believe I'm leanin' on you
Leanin' on you too much
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I believe I'm leanin' on you
Leanin' on you too much
Once upon a time I walked alone and
made decisions on my own, yeah
There was a time I stood up like a man
But now I don't know if I can
Cause when I'm holding your hand
I'm holding my breath
If I thought you'd ever leave me it would
scare me to death
It's sad but true
But what can I do, what can I do
I believe I'm leanin' on you
Leanin' on you too much
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I believe I'm leanin' on you
Leanin' on you too much.

Every little step I make and every single
breath I take
Now every time I make the slightest move
Depends on whether you approve
Cause when I'm holding your hand
I'm holding my breath
If I thought you'd ever leave me it would
scare me to death
It's sad but true
But what can I do, what can I do
I believe I'm leanin' on you
Leanin' on you too much
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I believe I'm leanin' on you
Leanin' on you too much
I can't stand up alone
I'm leanin' on you, leanin' on you
too much.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•BAD MOON RISING

(As recorded by Creedence Clearwater Revival/Fantasy)

JOHN FOGERTY

I see a bad moon rising
I see trouble on the way
I see earthquakes and lightning
I see bad times each day
Don't go 'round tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a bad moon on the rise.

I hear hurricanes a-blowin'
I know the end is coming soon
I hear rivers overflowin'
I hear the voice of rage and ruin
(Repeat chorus).

Hope you got your things together
Hope you are quite prepared to die
Looks like we're in for nasty weather
One eye is taken for an eye
Don't go 'round tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a bad moon on the rise
Don't come 'round tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a bad moon on the rise.

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•PROUD MARY

(As recorded by Solomon Burke/Bell)
JOHN FOGERTY

Left a good job in the city
Workin' for the man every night and day
And I never lost one minute of sleepin'
Worryin' 'bout the way things might have been.

Big Wheel keep on turnin'
Proud Mary keep on burnin'
Rollin', rollin' rollin' on the river.

Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis
Pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans
But I never saw the good side of the city
Until I hitched a ride on a river boat queen.

Big Wheel keep on turnin'
Proud Mary keep on burnin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river.

If you come down to the river
Bet you gonna find some people who live
You don't have to worry 'cause you have no money
People on the river are happy to give.

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•EVERY DAY WITH YOU GIRL

(As recorded by the Classics IV/Imperial)

BUDDY BUIE
J.B. COBB

Everyday with you girl,
Is sweeter than the day before
Everyday I love you more and more
More and more and more
They're saying that all good things must come to an end
But girl it isn't true
Each day with you I fall in love again
Everyday with you girl
Is sweeter than the day before
Everyday I love you more and more
More and more and more
And when I go to sleep at night time
Tomorrow's what I'm praying for
Cause everyday with you girl
Is sweeter than the day before.

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•GET BACK

(As recorded by the Beatles/Apple)
JOHN LENNON
PAUL MCCARTNEY

Jo Jo was a man who thought he was a loner
But he knew it couldn't last
Jo Jo left his home in Tucson, Arizona
For some California grass
Get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged
Get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged
Get back, Jo Jo,
Go home
Get back, get back, back to where you once belonged
Get back, get back, back to where you once belonged
Get back, Jo.

Sweet Loretta Martin thought she was a woman
But she was another man
All the girls around her said she's got it coming
But she gives it while she can
Oh get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged
Get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged
Get back, Loretta
Go home
Oh get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged
Get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged
Get back, Loretta
Your mama's waitin' for you
Wearin' her high heel shoes and a low neck sweater
Go back home, Loretta
Get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged
Get back, get back, get back.

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•BUYING A BOOK

(As recorded by Joe Tex/Dial)
JOE TEX

I saw this old man with this young girl the other night
I walked over to him and pulled him off on the side
And I said pop's what are you tryin' to prove
I said I've seen you out here every night this week
With a different young girl wrapped around your arm
I said you can't keep this pace up
Because these young girls oh they'll certainly get you down
He said son, sit down here, let me tell you something.
He said all my life I've worked hard
And I've saved up me a little money
He said but just about the time I got me a nest egg saved
I become a widow man
He said I'm 72 going on 73 years old
And don't have too many more years to live
He just said that I know I should be ashamed of myself
But he said young girls is my weakness
Oh yes they are
He said so will you please
leave this old gray haired man alone
Mind your business
Let me and this young girl have us a little bit of fun
That's when I looked at him and I said
I said all right pops
You got her but listen here's all you're doing
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Oh you're just buying, buying a book
That's what I said to him
I said listen to this
Here's all you're doing
Buying a book for some young man

That's what you're doing
To read
But don't do it, don't do it
Oh don't do it
Send that young girl on home.
Then there was this middle aged woman whose name I dare not call
Simply because you out there listening just might know who this woman is
But I can tell you this much
The woman lives right here in your town
I know you don't know that did you
I saw this woman with this young man in the broad day time the other day
I said miss lady you oughta be ashamed of yourself riding around with this young man
All hugged up like that
She said son, oh son
You're dippin' in my business
But if you want to know
Why I fool with this young man I'll tell you
She said I was married to a man 40 years older than I was
For a long time I was true and faithful to that one man
Last year he died and willed me a whole lot of money
And I know that that young man sittin' in my car
Just wants me for my money
She said but if that's what it takes to keep the young fine thing
Oh, oh he can get every single dime
Here's what I said, I said
You're just buying, buying a book
That's what I told her
Listen miss lady here's all you're doing
Buying a book for some young girl
You ought quit it
To read
Don't do it
I said that's you are, drive him home
Give him all your money
I'm sorry I dipped in your business
I won't do it no more, no.
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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

•WISHFUL SINFUL

(As recorded by the Doors/Elektra)

ROBBIE KRIEGER

Wishful, crystal water covers everything in
blue cooling water wishful sinful
Our love is beautiful to see
I know where I would like to be
Right back where I came
Wishful sinful wicked blue water can't
escape the blue
Magic rising sun is shining deep beneath
the sea
But not enough for you and me and
sunshine love to hear the wind cry.
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•TOO BUSY THINKING ABOUT MY BABY

(As recorded by Marvin Gaye/Tamla)
WHITFIELD
BRADFORD

Heh, heh, ha oh yeah
Oh listen to me people
I ain't got time to think about money or
what it can buy
And I ain't got time to sit down and
wonder what makes a birdie fly
And I don't have the time to think about
what makes a flower grow
And I never give it a second thought
where the rivers flow
Too busy thinking about my baby, oh yeah
And I ain't got time for nothing else,
oh yeah.

Said I ain't got time to discuss the weather
or how long it's gonna last
And I ain't got time to do no studying
once I get out of class
Tellin' ya I'm just a fellow
Said I got a one track mind
And when it comes to thinking 'bout any-
thing but my baby
I just don't have the time
Don't you know I'm too busy thinking
about my baby
Oh I ain't got time for nothing else
Oh yeah, oh yeah, yeah.

All the diamonds and pearls in the world
Could never match her worth, no no
She's some kind of wonderful
People tell you
I got heaven right here on earth
I'm just a fellow with a one, one track
mind
And when it comes to thinking 'bout any-
thing but my baby
I just don't have the time
Too busy thinking about my baby
Oh and I ain't got time for nothing else
Too busy thinking about my baby
And I ain't got time for nothing else
Too busy thinking about my baby
Ain't got time for nothing else, no, no, no
Too busy thinking about my baby
Ain't got time for nothing else, no no
She's never hard to find
She's always on my mind.

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•SORRY SUZANNE

(As recorded by Hollies/Epic)
TOMMY MACAULAY
GEOFF STEPHENS

I can't make it if you leave me
I'm sorry Suzanne
Believe me I was wrong
And I knew I was all along
Forgive me I still love you more
than ever
I'm sorry Suzanne for ever hurting you.
You know I never wanted to
I'm truly sorry Suzanne.

Oh, I could never ever justify
All the tears I made you cry
But I do regret it, my Suzanne
You gotta believe me
I was looking around for someone new
What a foolish thing to do
All the time I knew it
Heaven knows what made me do it, girl
I'm truly sorry Suzanne
I'm truly sorry Suzanne.

If you would only take me back again
Things would be so different then
What I wouldn't give for one more chance
to live for you Suzanne
I'm truly sorry Suzanne
I'm truly sorry Suzanne.

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•HAPPY HEART

(As recorded by Petula Clark/
Warner Bros.)
JACKIE RAE
JAMES LAST

There's a certain sound always follows
me around
When you're close to me you will hear it
It's the sound that lovers finally will
discover
When there is no other for their love
It's my happy heart you hear singing
loud and singing clear
And it's all because you're near me, my
love
Take my happy heart away make me
love you, make my day
In your arms I want to stay oh my love.

Feeling more and more like I've never
felt before
You have changed my life so completely
Music fills my soul now
I've lost all control now
I'm not half, I'm whole now with your
love
It's my happy heart you hear singing
loud and singing clear
And it's all because you're near me,
my love
Take my happy heart away, make me
love you, make my day
In your arms I want to stay oh my love
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la la.

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•HEATHER HONEY

(As recorded by Tommy Roe/ABC)
TOMMY ROE

Oh Heather honey
Warm as the sunshine
Oh Heather honey
Your love is so fine
I've been here, I've been there
I've been all around
And I fell in and out of love
in most every town
But the girls I knew were not like you
You're a different kind
Heather honey, now can't you see
You're blowing my mind.

Every day my friends say I'm just a
fool to fall in love
To them it seems ain't very cool
But I don't care what they say
I just can't resist
Heather, I fell head over heels
First time we kissed
Heather, honey I bet money
We'll never split cause loving you is so
easy to do
And I'll never quit
So build your plans around this man
Cause I love you so
Don't you forget my pretty pet
I'll never let you go.

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•ATLANTIS

(As recorded by Donovan/Epic)
DONOVAN LEITCH

(Spoken)
The Continent of Atlantis was an island
Which lay before the great flood in the
area we now call the Atlantic Ocean
So great an area of land that from her
western shores
Those beautiful sailors journeyed to the
south
And the north Americas with ease
In their ships with painted sails
To the east Africa was a neighbor across
A short strait of sea miles
The great Egyptian age is but a rem-
nant of the Atlantean culture
The antediluvian kings colonized the world
All the gods who played in the mythologi-
cal dramas

In all legends from all lands were from
fair Atlantis
Knowing her fate Atlantis sent out ships
to all corners of the earth
On board were the twelve
The poets, physician, the farmer, the
scientist, the magician
And other so called gods of our legends
Though gods they were and as the elders
of our time choose to remain blind

Let us rejoice and let us sing and dance
and ring in the new
Hail Atlantis!
Way down below the ocean where I wanna
be
She may be
Way down below the ocean where I wanna
be
She may be.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

● I SHALL BE RELEASED

BOB DYLAN

They say everything can be replaced
Yet every distance is not near
So I remember every face
Of every man who put me here
I see my light come shinin'
From the west unto the east
Anyday now, anyway now
I shall be released.

They say ev'ry man needs protection
They say ev'ry man must fall
Yet I swear I see my reflection
Some place so high above this wall
I see my light come shinin'
From the west unto the east
Anyday now, anyway now
I shall be released.

Standing next to me in this lonely crowd
Is a man who swears he's not to blame
All day long I hear his voice shoutin' out
so loud
Crying out that he was framed
I see my light come shinin'
From the west unto the east
Anyday now, anyway now
I shall be released.

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● THE BOXER

(As recorded by Simon & Garfunkel/
Columbia)

PAUL SIMON

I am just a poor boy
Though my story's seldom told
I squandered my resistance for a pocket
full of mumbles such are promises
All lies and jest
Still a man hears what he wants to hear
and disregards the rest.

When I left my home and my family
I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers in the quiet
of a railway station runnin' scared
Laying low seeking out the poorer quarters
where the ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would
know
Li la li, li la li, la la la li, etc.

Asking only workman's wages I came
looking for a job
But I get no offers
Just a come on from the whores on 7th
Avenue
I do declare there were times when I was
so lonesome I took comfort there
La la li, li la li, li la li, etc.

La la la, la la la, li la li, etc.
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was gone, going home
Where the New York City winters aren't
bleeding me, leading me going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a
fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders of every
glove that laid him down
Or cut him till he cried out in his anger
and his shame
"I am leaving, I am leaving"
But the fighter still remains
Li la li, li la li, li la la li, etc.

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● THESE EYES

(As recorded by Guess Who?/RCA
Victor)

RANDALL BACHMAN
BURTON CUMMINGS

These eyes cry every night for you
These arms long to hold you again
The hurtin's on me
But I will never be free
You gave a promise to me
And you broke it, and you broke it.

These eyes watched you bring my world
to an end
This heart could not accept and pretend
The hurtin's on me
But I will never be free
You took the vow with me
When you spoke it, when you spoke it.

These eyes are cryin', these eyes have
seen a lot of love
But they're never gonna see another one
like I had with you
These eyes are cryin', these eyes have seen
a lot of love
But they're never gonna see another one
like I had with you
These eyes are cryin', these eyes have seen
a lot of love but they're never gonna see
another one like I had with you.

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● WHAT IS A MAN

(As recorded by the Four Tops/
Motown)

BRISTOL
MCNEIL

A man can walk proudly down any street
A man's not ashamed of what he believes
He knows how to laugh
He knows how to cry
He knows how to live
He's not afraid to die
What is a man, what is a man
What is a man, what is a man.

A man searches for the key to success
He'd rather be sure than make a wild
guess
He knows how to love
He knows how to hate
He knows when to move
And he knows just when to wait
What is a man, what is a man
What is a man, what is a man.

A man can be angry and still hold his
tongue
A man don't give up till the battle is won
He knows how to win
He's not ashamed to lose
He knows his destiny
Cause he's allowed to choose
What is a man, what is a man
What is a man, what is a man
What is a man, what is a man.

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● THE COMPOSER

(As recorded by Diana Ross & The
Supremes/Motown)
WILLIAM ROBINSON, JR.

You may not know how to make words
rhyme
Carry a tune or clap on time
No talent for rhythm or musical things
You're the composer of the song my
heart sings
You may not know what quarter notes are
Or what I mean if I say four to the bar
Such musical terms my be Greek to your
ears
But you're the composer of the song that
my heart hears.

Now it's a tender song
It's like a rhapsody, a symphony
The song I find in this heart of mine
And it's beggin' you let nothing keep
us apart
Oh my darling, cause you put a song
in my heart
The song that I find in my heart for you
Every lyric in line I swear it's true
It's the number one song on my personal
chart
And you're the composer of the song
in my heart
It's the number one song on my personal
chart
And you're the composer of the song that's
in my heart.

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● GOODBYE

(As recorded by Mary Hopkin/Apple)
JOHN LENNON
PAUL MCCARTNEY

Please don't wake me up too late
Tomorrow comes and I will not be late
Late today when it becomes tomorrow
I will leave to go away
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, my love, goodbye.

Songs that lingered on my lips excite me
now
And linger on my mind
Leave your flowers at my door
I'll leave them for the one who waits
behind
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, my love, goodbye.
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, etc.

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, my love, goodbye
Far away my lover sings a lonely song
And calls me to his side
When the song of lonely love invites
me on
I must go to his side
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, my love, goodbye.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

•MORNING GIRL

(As recorded by Neon Philharmonic/
Warner Bros.)

TUPPER SAUSSY

Morning girl
How'd you sleep last night
You're several ages older now
Your eyes have started showing how the
little girl's growing now.

Morning girl
Was that you last night
Cryin' on the radio
Beggin' for a way to go
To go back where love wasn't jumbled so
Oh no things are different now than they
were before
You know love is more than kisses
A whole lot more.

Morning girl
Put your dreams away and read your box
of Cheerios
And powder puff that pretty nose
And go out and find your man
Where the wild wind blows
Morning girl.
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lications, Inc.

•ANY DAY NOW

(As recorded by Percy Sledge/
Atlantic)

BOB HILLIARD
BURT BACHARACH

Any day now
I will hear you say
Goodbye my love then you'll be on
your way
Then the blue shadows will fall all
over town
Any day now
Love will let me down
Cause you won't be around.

Any day now
When your restless heart needs someone
new
And oh to my surprise
Then my wild, beautiful bird
You will have flown
Oh any day now
Love will let me down
Cause you won't be around.

I know I shouldn't keep you
If you don't want to stay, yeah
Until you're gone forever
I'll be holding on for dear life.

Holding you this way
I'm beggin' you to stay
Any day now
When the clock strikes go
You'll call it off and then my tears will
flow
Then the blue shadows will fall all
over town
Any day now
Love will let me down
Cause you won't be around
Any day now, any day now, any day
now.

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& Range Songs, Inc.

•I'VE BEEN HURT

(As recorded by Bill Deal & Rhondels/
Heritage)

RAY WHITLEY

I've been hurt, hurt, hurt
Yes I've been hurt
I've been hurt like I've never been hurt
before
Cause you lied, you lied to me
So leave me alone
Cause I've been hurt
Baby you lied

Darling, what happened, what happened,
what happened, what happened last night
Well, I saw you with another guy
He was holding you tight
I've been hurt
Baby you cheated, mistreated
You cheated, cheated on me
And you told me, you told me, you told
a whole lot of lies
Darling, what happened, what happened,
what happened, what happened last night
Well, I saw you with another guy
He was holding you tight.

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•MY WAY

(As recorded by Frank Sinatra/Reprise)

PAUL ANKA
J. REVAUX
C. FRANCOIS

And now the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friend I'll say it clear
I'll state my case of which I'm certain
I've lived a life that's full
I traveled each and every highway
And more, much more than this
I did it my way.
Regrets, I've had a few
But then again, too few to mention
I did what I had to do
And saw it thru without exemption
I planned each chartered course
Each careful step along the by-way
And more, much more than this
I did it my way.

Yes, there were times I'm sure you knew
When I bit off more than I could chew
But thru it all when there was doubt
I ate it up, and spit it out
I faced it all and I stood tall
And did it my way.

I've loved, I've laughed and cried
I've had my fill, my share of losing
And now, as tears subside
I find it all so amusing
To think I did all that, and may I say
"Not in a shy way"
Oh, no, oh no, not me
I did it my way.

For what is a man, what has he got
if not himself
Then he has not to say the things he
truly feels

And not the words of one who kneels
The record shows I took the blows and
did it my way.

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•(We've Got)

HONEY LOVE

(As recorded by Martha Reeves and The
Vandellas/Gordy)

SYLVIA MOY
RICHARD MORRIS

Oh baby, we tried lover's recipe
Added each ingredient tenderly
A little of you, a little of me
And we've got honey love
Gone are the clouds that darkened your
skies
Gone are the tears I used to cry
Cause we've got honey, honey, honey
love.

Oh darling, every night needs sugar and
spice sometimes
Each kiss adds a little sugar just a pinch
of spice
And we've got love divine one day
We put the icing on top the very day we
tied that knot
Boy, ice cream soda, gingerale, pop
Ain't as sweet as honey love
We'll take a little sunshine one loving cup
Just a little sunshine and divide it up
And we'll have sweet tomorrows
Cause with love and tender care
We'll build a sweet cottage for two
Just big enough for me and you
Darling and all our dreams will come
true
Cause we've got honey love.
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•LODI

(As recorded by Creedence Clearwater
Revival/Fantasy)

JOHN FOGERTY

Just about a year ago
I set out on the road
Seeking my fame and fortune
Looking for a pot of gold
Things got bad and things got worse
I guess you know the tune
Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again.

Rode in on the Greyhound
I'll be walking out if I go
I was just passing through
Must be seven months or more
I ran out of time and money
Looks like they took my friends
Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again.

The man from the magazine
Said I was on my way
Somewhere I lost connections
Ran out of songs to play
I came into town a one-night stand
Looks like my plans fell through
Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again.

If I only had a dollar for every song
I've sung
And every time I've had to play while
people sat there drunk
You know I'd catch the next train back
to where I live
Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again
Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

●SEVEN YEARS

(As recorded by the Impressions/
Curton)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Seven years remember when you became
my loving friend

Never forget that wonderful day
Twas early spring the first of May
Everybody was so alarmed
Though I never meant you harm
I was just so in love with you
And I thought you loved me too
Seven years now I find
It was just a waste of time.

Oh it's been so very long
And I am yet to take you home
You stand there undecided while your
friends keep us divided
You're like a long slow freight
And no longer shall I wait
I find it isn't fair when there's only one
who cares

Yet I'm still here hanging on
And I thought you loved me too
Seven years now I find
It was just a waste of time.
Seven years here in a vice
And there's nothing yet precise
Got the girl I waited for
She's just a wife and nothing more
I hate the sound call of my home
What ashamed who can I blame
I was just so in love with you
And I thought you loved me too
Seven years now I find
It was just a waste of time.

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●STAND

(As recorded by Sly & The Family
Stone/Epic)

SYLVESTER (Sly Stone) STEWART

Stand
In the end you'll still be you
One that's done all the things you set
out to do

Stand
There's a cross for you to bear
Things to go through if you're going
anywhere

Stand
For the things you know are right
It's the truth, that the truth
makes them so uptight

Stand
All the things you want are real
You have you to complete
And there is no deal
Stand, stand, stand
Stand, stand, stand.

Stand
You've been sitting much too long
There's a permanent crease in your
right and wrong
Stand
There's a midget standing tall
And the giant beside him about to fall
Stand, stand, stand
Stand, stand, stand.

Stand
They will try to make you crawl
And they know what you're saying
Makes sense and all
Stand
Don't you know that you are free
Well at least in your mind
If you want to be
Everybody stand, stand, stand.

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●YOU ARE THE CIRCUS

(As recorded by C & The Shells/
Cotillion)

JERRY WILLINGS JR.

Horns blow, drums beat
I hear the stomping of a thousand feet
Building tents all over the ground
You are the circus I am the clown.

Everybody laughs when I walk by
I smile, under my makeup I cry
I'm the joke of the town
You are the circus I am the clown.

I'm nothing to you but a silly joke
You don't want me but you refuse to let
me go
I'm like a trophy stuffed and mounted
on a wall
You don't give a damn about me at all.

Life without luv's a hurting thing
You'll find out if you don't change
Loving you is heartaches by the pound
I'm through with your circus you be the
clown.

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●LOVE IS ALL I HAVE TO GIVE

(As recorded by the Checkmates/A&M)

**PHIL SPECTOR
BOBBY STEVENS**

So your walkin' away
So you wanna call it a day
Think of how I'm cryin'
To keep our love, to keep our love
from dyin'

If you should go
Though I hurt you I still love you baby
And I, I, I let you down
I, I ran around
Can't you see I'm pleading
For the love, for the love
That I needed so
Oh baby don't go
Oh I still love you
Can't you see it baby
And love is all I have to give
And one life that's all I have lived
And say you'll forgive and let me live
again

I wanna live again
Take me back, take me back
And let me live again.

So your walkin' away
So you wanna call it a day
Think of how I'm cryin'
To keep our love, to keep our love
from dyin'
If you should go
Though I hurt you I still love you baby
And I, I, I let you down
I, I ran around
Think of how I'm tryin'
To keep our love from dyin'
Oh baby, don't go
Though I hurt you I still love you
Mama and love is all I have to give
And one life that's all I have lived
And say you'll forgive and let me live
again
I wanna live again, I wanna live again
Take me back, take me back
And let me live again.

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●THE RIVER IS WIDE

(As recorded by the Grass Roots/
Dunhill)

**GARRY KNIGHT
BILLY JOE, ADMIRE**

The sky was clear on that windy day
Then the clear blue sky began to turn
to gray
Then the lightning flashed, the thunder
roared above
Then fall a drop of rain to start our love.

The river is wide and the river is long now
Water runs deep
And the current is strong now
Ya better not fight
Cause it won't be right now, you'll see.

Into a stream fell our drop of rain
Became a part, took hold and down it came
As it hit each rock our hearts could feel
the pain
Don't try to stop our little drop of rain.

The river is wide and the river is long now
Water runs deep
And the current is strong now
Ya better not fight
Cause it won't be right now, you'll see.
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●IN THE BAD, BAD OLD DAYS

(As recorded by the Foundations/Uni)

**TOMMY MACAULAY
JOHN MACLEOD**

In the bad, bad old days
Before you loved me, girl
(Loved me girl)
I was just a lonely man in so many ways
Till you loved me, girl
(Loved me girl)
And I was your only man
You came into my life and ended misery
In those bad, bad old days
That used to be.

Everyday I slave to pull us through
But one day I'm gonna make it, girl
I'm telling you
The sun goes down
I run home every night
To see your smiling face
And hold you tight
I know that you'll be waiting there for
me

But I can still recall what used to be
In those bad, bad old days
In those bad, bad old days
That used to be.

I'll shake a living out of this old world
And I'll give you everything believe me,
girl
I'm gonna really make it to the top and
nothing in this world's gonna make me
stop
You sure have put a magic spell on me
I'm nothing like the man I used to be
In those, in those sad, sad old days
In those bad, bad old days
That used to be.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

●GITARZAN

(As recorded by Ray Stevens/
Monument)

RAY STEVENS

He's free as the breeze
He's always at ease
He lives in the jungle and hangs by
his knees
As he swings through the trees without a
trapeze in his B.V.D.s
He's got a union card and he's practicing
hard
To play the guitar, gonna be a big star
Yeah he's gonna go far
And carry moonbeams home in a jar
He ordered Chet's guitar course C.O.D.
Like A and E and he's working on B
Big C&W and R&B and even the chimpan-
zees agree
That someday soon he'll be a celebrity
Get it, get it, get it.

Gitarzan, he's a gitar man
He's all you can stand
Give him a hand, gitarzan.

He's got a girl named Jane
With no last name

Kinda homely and plain
But he loves her just the same
Cause she kindles the flame and it drives
him insane
When he hears her say
She really does her thing
It's her claim to fame
Come on sing one Jane
Baby, baby, oh baby
Baby, oh baby
(How 'bout that folks).

They've got a pet monkey who likes to get
drunk and sing boogie woogie
And it sounds real funky
Come on your turn boy
Sing one monkey
Let's hear it for the monkey
On Saturday night they need some
excitement
Jane gets right and the monkey gets
tight
And their voices unite
In the pale moonlight and it sounds all
right

Yeah, it's dynamite, it's out of sight
Let's hear it right now
Baby, baby oh baby
Yeah, shut up baby I'm trying to sing
Get it, get it, get it
Repeat chorus.
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●I CAN'T DO ENOUGH

(As recorded by the Dells/Cadet)
BOBBY MILLER

I can't do enough to show how much
I love you
I can't do enough to show how much
I love you
You were always around while I went
through my changes
At times I thought you'd be a fool
What could your purpose be
What did you see in me
One day I discovered how great your
love for me must be
Oh I can't do enough to show how much
I love you
I can't do enough to show how much
I love you.

Deep in my heart I know
The Lord has a prayer
For he has called my foolish heart
For the heartbreak I've caused you
The wrong I can't undo
I'm so ashamed for all the pain I put
you through
I can't do enough to show how much
I love you
I can't do enough to show how much
I love you
I can't do enough to show how much
I love you
The wrong I've done to you
Will take a lifetime to undo
But I stand ready for you baby
To prove my love to you
No, no, no, no, no, no.
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●JULY, YOU'RE A WOMAN

(As recorded by Pat Boone/
Tetragrammaton)
JOHN STEWART

I can't hold it on the road when you're
sitting right beside me
And I'm drunk out of my mind merely
from the fact that you are here
And I have not been known as the saint
of San Joaquin
And I'd just as soon right now pull on
over to the side of the road and show
you what I mean.

And I can't hold my eyes on the white
line out before me when your hand is
on my collar
And you're talking in my ear
And I have been around with a gypsy girl
named Shannon daughter of the devil
It is strange that I should mention that
to you
I haven't thought of her in years
July, you're a woman more than anyone
I've ever known.
I can't hold it on the road when you're
sitting right beside me
And I'm drunk out of my mind merely
from the fact that you are here
And I have not been known as the saint of
San Joaquin and I'd just as soon right
now pull on over to the side of the road
And show you what I mean
July, you're a woman more than anyone
I've ever known
July, you're a woman more than anyone
I've ever known.
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●THE CHOKIN' KIND

(As recorded by Joe Simon/
Sound Stage 7)
HARLAN HOWARD

I only meant to love you
Didn't you know it babe
Didn't you know it
Why couldn't you be content with the
love I gave oh yeah
I gave you my heart but you wanted my
mind, Oh yeah
Your love scared me to death, girl
Oh it's the chokin' kind
That's all it is.

You can kill a man with a bottle of poison
or a knife
I know you can
And hurt him more to take his pride
And run his life
Oh it's a shame girl
Whatever you want girl
I surely hope you find, oh yeah
I tell you that hat don't fit my head

Oh it's the chokin' kind.

It makes me wanna mmm mmm mmm
mmm
Oh yeah, oh listen to me
When you fall in love again girl
Take a tip from me oh yeah
If you don't like the peach don't bite the
tree
That's what you better do, honey
Find what you want girl
Keep it, treat it, sweet and kind oh yeah
Oh let it breathe, don't make it the chokin'
kind
Oh no, don't break your heart baby
Oh no, I know you love me really I do,
honey
I tell you your love scares me to death
girl
It's the chokin' kind
That's all it is
I got to say it again
It's that old chokin' kind.

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●SEATTLE

(As recorded by Perry Como/RCA
Victor)

**ERNIE SHELDON
JACK KELLER
HUGO MONTENEGRO**

The bluest sky you ever seen in Seattle
And the hills the greenest green in Seattle
Like a beautiful child growing up free
and wild
Full of hopes and full of fears
Full of laughter full of tears
Full of dreams to last the years in Seattle,
in Seattle.

If you ever fall in love with a logger
There is something you will have to
understand

For as much as he may care you will
always have to share his love with his
green mountain land.

When it's time to leave your home and
your loved ones
It's the hardest thing a girl can ever do
And you pray that you will find someone
strong and good and kind
But you're not sure what's waiting there
for you.

When you find your own true love
You will know it
By his smile, by the look in his eye
Scent of pine trees in the air
Never knew a day so fair
It makes you feel so good
That you could cry.
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pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

If you can get over the trauma of orchestral - choral show-downs that sometimes sound like Mantovani Meets the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, the BeeGees' double album, *Odessa*, is something to listen to. The two characteristic failings for which the BeeGees have been much criticized in the past are obvious: generally heavy-handed, unimaginative arrangements and banal lyrics. Making allowances for the usual handicaps, what is left is an album of whimsical, beautiful, comforting songs which - in terms of melody, sound organization and time-change complexity are among the most startlingly majestic things written by the Gibb brothers.

When I read that the BeeGees were planning eventually to break up, I had mixed feelings - it will be sad to lose the dynamic group that caused so much excitement when they came right out of nowhere two years ago with "New York Mining Disaster - 1941" - vocalizing like what might happen if John Lennon tried to sing with a slowly melting ice cube lodged in his esophagus - the BeeGees breaking out with "New York Mining Disaster," a dramatic experience that ranks with "Eleanor Rigby" for its odd, melancholy rhythm, its creation of a unique atmosphere and its psychological insight. When the news came around that the Gibb brothers were a trio of naive, uneducated Australian teenagers, I just couldn't believe it; they seemed to have achieved instantly and with no discernible effort a musical sophistication the Beatles had acquired over a long period of gradual maturing. The BeeGees' first album was shockingly good, and the next one was good, and the next one was too - but the critics were beginning to get a line on the BeeGees: a recent collection of their very early Australian hits was titled *Rare, Precious and Beautiful* . . . and the critics were coming down hard on the "precious," with some justification. The weak points naturally became more noticeable as the body of their work grew.

Perhaps the BeeGees hadn't got together quite enough material yet to fill a double album. *Odessa* is rather well padded. But I think they have enough for at least three good sides here, even if all the doilies and knickknacks were removed. The thing is, the BeeGees are not a rock and roll band at all. They aren't good enough or versatile enough as instrumentalists, perhaps, to take care of business the way the Beatles can. . . an especially regrettable circumstance in this era of rock-technic worship, when craftsmen are often preferred over creators. Part of the problem is the laziness of the Gibb brothers - their astonishing songwriting methods are a good example of this: Barry Gibb has said that they work on a song for a few minutes or so, and if they start having trouble getting it off, they just throw it away and try something new. This is a sharp contrast to the way Lennon and McCartney often spend hours and hours working on a song concept, tossing it back and forth, laying on ideas sometimes over a period of days or weeks - putting aside a promising bit for later use, always rooting around for

song material in unlikely places. The Gibbs, in comparison, look like dilettantes and idlers, wasteful and casual with their incontestable genius during the last two years. . . they have succumbed to some extent under the pressures of the big time stuff, but their innate giftedness as music composers is far from destroyed.

There are a few really striking, appropriate arrangements in *Odessa*. The title song is the BeeGee's unique, weird mixture of tragedy and humor, as in "Mining Disaster." The doomed lone survivor of the sinking of the British ship *Veronica* is seen floating around the Baltic Sea on an iceberg, cheerfully "... filing this berg to the shape of a ship. . ." Imagining that he is answering a letter from his girl friend back home, he says "... you love the vicar more than words can say/Ask him to pray that I won't melt away. . ." A quasi-classical guitar weaves in and out of the orchestral richness, and the effect is somehow Baltic, murky; the warmth of human memories and reflections set against the inexorable, chilly grayness of the North Atlantic. A ship lost without a sign, a miner hopelessly trapped in a landslide; the BeeGees give expression to all the mute sufferers trapped anywhere. Unfortunately nothing else in the album is lyrically up to "Odessa." Lines in most of the songs are downright stupid, and it takes some determination to overlook verbal vapidness to hear the often charming and ingenious melodies. "Marley Purt Drive," for instance, is an incredibly silly song - yet when it comes to shifting the length of a single note - on the phrase "sunday drive," the Gibbs show themselves as sensitive to the pressures and balancing of musical masses as they are insensitive to verbal ideas. "Edison" is one of the most satisfying songs on the album. Listening to it is like turning on a light - an inspired beginning with a marimba - and here, it doesn't matter if the BeeGees mumble a lot of incomprehensible stuff about "... Writing his story. . ." They have told us what it is to be inside a lightbulb. "Whisper, Whisper" is a nice example of how the Gibbs can make their poetic vagueness work for them at times - The idea is for the listener to imagine the carrying on of any clandestine, illegal activity; "... I'm illegal, that means so are you. . ."

The day I bought *Odessa*, at a record store I often go to I also bought Alban Berg's *Lyric Suite* for String Quartet - and for the first time in the year I had frequented the place - the manager - owner, a stern-faced, impressive person with a glossy pink dome, who wears softly shimmering silk suits and a huge platinum ring with 8 small diamonds on it - this awesome man spoke to me and said: "You have a good combination there, a very good choice. . ." Berg and the BeeGees. And I have to agree with him. The Alban Bergs of tomorrow across the street are not going to come out of stuffy, tedious note-writing university classes. The Gibb brothers are young classicists who should be discussed and acknowledged as musical creators, unshackled from the confines of a semi-fictional rock and roll band called The BeeGees. □

Nina Simone was born Eunice Waymon in Tryon, North Carolina, the sixth of eight children. Her mother worked as a housekeeper and her father was a handyman by day. At night and on Sundays, he wore the robes of an ordained Methodist minister.

Many years later, the name and talent that is Nina Simone sold out the famed Westbury Music Fair, the year-round theater-in-the-round at Westbury, Long Island, long before the scheduled concert date. Two nights before the show, however, one of 1968's unbelievable series of tragic events occurred: the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King.

The immediacy of the tragedy was captured in a poignant, sometimes bitter, song called "Why? (The King Of Love Is Dead)," written by Nina's bass player, Gene Taylor, less than 24 hours before the beginning of the concert. The emotional height of performer, writer and audience was so true and real that it could never be recaptured. The tremendous impact of the tragic event was at its peak that evening and an indescribable bond between Nina and the audience made this reading unforgettable. By sheer stroke of fate, RCA Victor had, weeks before the concert, made arrangements to record Nina Simone's performance live. This album managed to capture the spontaneity as Miss Simone sang this song for the very first time.

NINA SIMONE

God Bless The Child



HP: Do you feel close to Ray Charles?

Nina: Not any more than I do to ten or twelve others. Why do you ask?

HP: Something in your passionate involvement with songs. Who do you feel close to in the male category?

Nina: The way you put it, I'd say Ray Charles. I never thought of that. But thank you, that's a compliment. I do love to sing Jacques Brel songs, intensely. I get terribly excited, just by reading a couple of lines in any one of his songs.

HP: Are you from a gospel background?

Nina: The same old thing. I was reared in the church from the age of three. I've played piano since I was three. I performed at revivals and for my people around North Carolina for several years. People around town collected money to send me to school. By the time I was eight, I was taking classical piano lessons and I wanted to be a concert pianist. But that didn't work out. I graduated from high school and my formal education ended.

HP: You have a very cultured manner of speaking.

Nina: Well, that depends on the time of day (laughter) understand? I've toured a lot and been to Europe. It depends how I feel. My name sounds French but that's just a stage name. I live in Mt. Vernon, New York now.

HP: Did you ever have vocal training?

Nina: Not really. I used to accompany students in a popular vocal studio in Philadelphia and that influenced me. At the time, nightclub techniques rubbed off on me. But never formal training. My singing, if you want to call it that, is merely another medium of expression. Just an instrument I play. That's how I see my voice.

HP: To me one of your most moving performances is "Don't Smoke In Bed."

Nina: Oh thank you. I heard that a long time ago in a movie. Maybe thirty years ago. It's one of many pop songs that stuck with me as I grew up. When I choose material for an album all these songs I grew up with pour into my head.

HP: Are you aware of your highly unique style?

Nina: Yes, I am. I know I'm different, but I don't think about it. You can't be different if you look at it. Being gifted is different. I had that in my piano playing. I'm very thankful for that. I'm very aware of that. The style and what I feel is just me. I never worked at it. It just happened.

HP: Do you feel a lot of female singers still try to sound like Billie Holiday?

Nina: Yes. But less and less now. Many of them turned up when Billie died. I have many warm thoughts for her ideas. You couldn't find a better influence than Billie. God, she was something else. I got "Porgie" from her which I did in 1958. Billie happened to hear a tape I did of it, long before it started sell-

ing and she wrote me a note saying she liked it and hoped I would be successful. That autograph is very precious to me.

HP: Can you remember particular songs that knocked you out as a child?

Nina: Oh yes, an old hymn called "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." I remember it vividly, because it's the first song I picked out on piano at the age of three.

HP: When did you move from gospel to pop?

Nina: After my classical training when I was twenty-one. That's when I started going to nightclubs and hearing all kinds of music. I had heard blues and jazz all my life but I was never aware that it was associated with nightclubs and drinking. We didn't have a record player, but we had a radio and a piano and somebody in my family was always singing or playing or dancing. Oh, I heard a lot of boogie woogie too. That killed me, because I loved to dance. I had to play that when mama was out of the house because she didn't allow it. Somebody would watch out the window to see if mama was coming.

HP: What made you come to New York?

Nina: Right after high school I came to a summer course in piano at the Julliard School of Music.

HP: Did your parents want you to be a classical pianist?

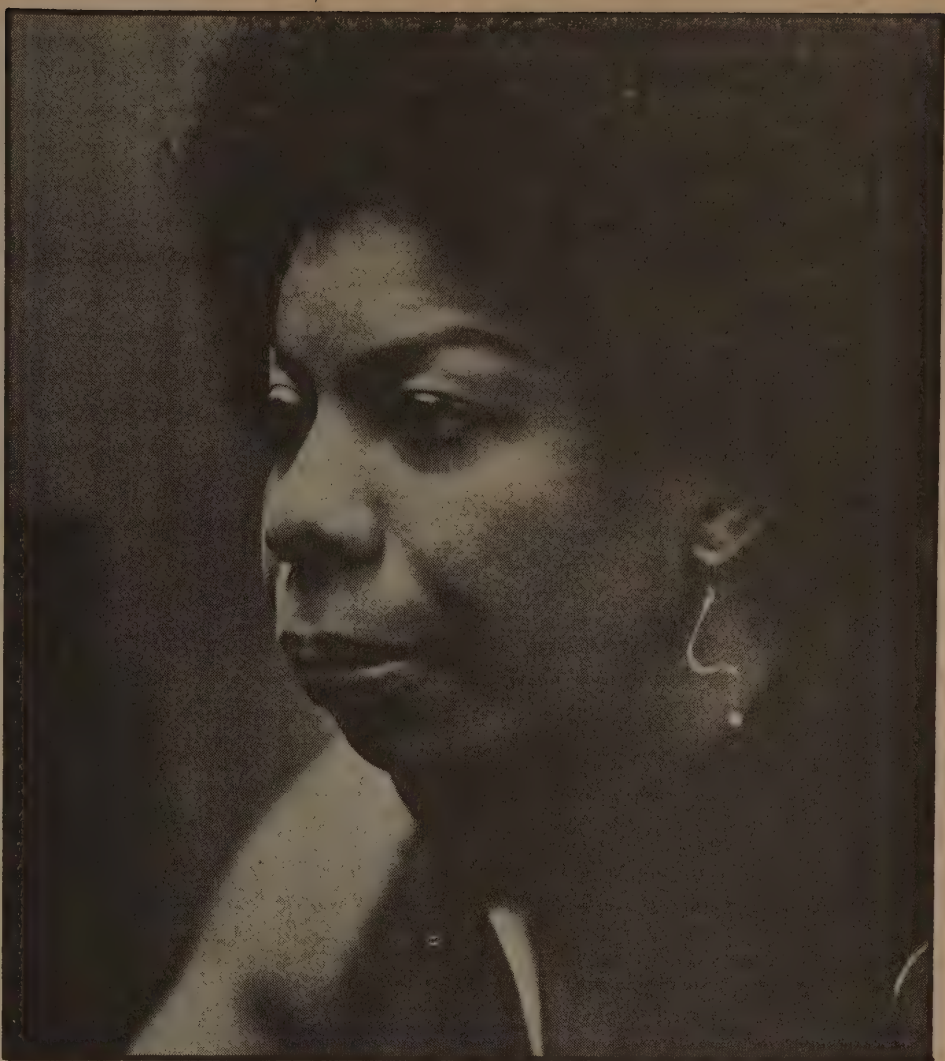
Nina: When a child is gifted, people try to help that child. I had been playing by ear and when I was seven a white woman heard me playing in a theatre and went to my mother with an offer to give me piano lessons. That's a very high goal to have, study eight hours a day to be a concert pianist. I didn't even think about it. I just got into it. I was very young. As I got older though I wanted a life of my own. The classical training was very demanding and thorough. It was a very sheltered existence. Even though I heard blues and gospel on the radio sometimes, it was always back to the piano and study and give recitals.

HP: So you have a good technical knowledge of music?

Nina: Yes. I can read and arrange, but I can't write. If I get an idea I put it on tape and somebody else writes it out.

HP: Now, most soulful musicians don't have that technical knowledge. Did that knowledge change the way you might have played before?

Nina: No. There was no conscious thought of that knowledge. When I studied for all those years, it was to be a concert pianist. Now that has nothing to do with the music of



my people. It's two separate things. But, I realize the advantages I have in composing and taking blues one step farther. Theory and harmony broadened my mind in music. I know what music is made of. The Beatles are doing it with their thing. If I want to take a particular form of blues somewhere else I have the equipment to do it. But I never even thought of it.

HP: Your classical training didn't make you look down your nose at funk?

Nina: Are you kidding? Me? As colored as I am? Shoot, I couldn't wait to get back home, and do some dancing. You don't know. What my people have is much more relaxing. (laughter)

HP: Why do you think some musicians can really get into funky music and others can't even play a funky chord?

Nina: It's very simple. Funk, gospel, blues is all out of slavery times, out of depression, out of sorrow. It's logical that people from bad times will reflect their feelings in their communication. Music is part of the communication. If you lived it, you can do it. It's even talking be-bop words. Now you noticed that I have a cultured manner of speaking. Tomorrow, I might be in a different mood and you wouldn't recognize my voice. My people have very subtle slang, inflections and ways of saying things that has little to do with words. If you're from the same place, you'll feel the jargon and know exactly what's happening. Same with any neighborhood cat. What he sees and hears and feels and lives makes him what he is. That's what blues is. I believe in racial memory too. I'm sure I've got ancient African blood in me that has something to do with what I am.

HP: Do you ever feel some other blood in you? Maybe something white or something Spanish?

Nina: Sometimes, yes, when I think of reincarnation. Many times I feel different. Like a different person.

HP: Do you feel a strong closeness to any music other than Negro music?

Nina: I love all music. I mean that. But, I can't stand loud guitars that make me deaf. Music is the center of my life. I love to travel to hear different kinds of music.

HP: Would you ever do an album of classical music?

Nina: Perhaps. I don't think I can play it anymore. I'm going to do a concert of my own music with a symphony orchestra but that's probably the closest I'll ever get to it. I love the classics but there are many new ideas to be made into reality. I'd rather be concerned with my own thing. There are many masters of classical piano so I'll leave it to them.

HP: Who are your main influences on keyboard?

Nina: Oh many. Oscar Peterson, Art Tatum, Horace Silver and even John Coltrane, Dizzy



Gillespie and Miles Davis. They don't play piano but their music feels the same to me. I'm also a nut for Bach as a composer. I'd say those are my major influences. I love the sound of the harpsichord too, especially Wanda Landowski when she plays Bach.

HP: Very often your music is filled with melancholy but the feel of the music, I guess the chords, aren't funky sad. It's like Jacques Brel. Sad but not funky sad. Do you think you play chords that way because of your classical training?

Nina: Now wait. That's loaded. You're talking about ME. I don't want to analyze myself that close. I have no idea. It would be ridiculous to try. That's like saying what might have been if some change in plans happened. But, I'll tell you, my friend, last night I was alone and I was thinking what would I be now if I had been born in some other place, if I had lived a different life. Who could possibly know that. What, for instance, would I be now if I were raised in a non-racist society. But I'm sure many people wonder about these things. □jim delehant.

Communication

by Dom Petro

I wish to thank those of you who wrote to me expressing interest both pro and con in this column. It is a moving experience to read these personal statements of such sincere and questioning natures. Instead of protecting or attacking any position, I found the problem questions inherent in your letters really interesting and decided to comment on a few of them. The following is not so much a list of pat answers but some reflections based upon those questions. Quite often, we can think in a more continuous line toward some point or other without necessarily changing course or adopting new or strange standards.

A letter states, "--it is impossible for an individual to affect the world unless he is a genius or has a rich daddy,---"

To be a celebrity may or may not affect THE world but it isn't "HOW you impress YOUR world" bit more to the point? You do impress the world to some degree. The more you are alive and interested, the bigger impression you will make. You start with you. And once the uniqueness of YOU becomes apparent to the world around you, then there is mutual interest. The DEGREE to which you affect your world is in proportion to how well you think of you POSITIVELY, the number of persons you affect POSITIVELY, and the number of things you do POSITIVELY.

A very compassionate and intelligent minister told me that, 1. Self love and self responsibility come first. Whatever you own and love you take care of, and your first possession is you, 2. Then love of neighbor and this includes those outside of us. 3. Then God. In that order. This has nothing to do with conceit or arrogance, religion or atheism as such. It describes the outward expansion of the self in proper order of radiation. The cynics who arrogantly expose and sneer at other's weaknesses or cannot see anything worthwhile through his jaded tastes is expressing a defense system to prevent others from seeing his weaknesses. And who really cares? We are all short of something and should be helping each other fill the voids.

As you get to know and grow with you, you'll discover others who ARE really John, Linda, or Harry, and no one else and they may not be a crowd, but one genuine friend is always worth a room full of others. (Read Emerson's Essays for the self, Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* and see the individual and the crowd. *The Heart is the Lonely Hunter* is a book made into movie which touchingly shows how barriers to communication are overcome where love or healthy concern are involved.)

Evil is intended harm to self or others. But much of what we call evil is thoughtlessness, forgetfulness, or just plain clumsiness on our part.

When you're doing your level best while remaining concerned for those close to you, you're too busy to measure amounts of good or evil, this might cause self consciousness to reach a point where you will watch your "feet" instead of the "path" and perhaps, stumble.

Problem questions are very personal in origin and represent points of view from one's particular make up and background. Some people go away for a change

of scenery (and come back to the same problems). But we all cannot do this. The view we see is from the mind and many times a slight shift in mental position will see the problem more clearly or at least with fresher observation. Here again, the Arts, all seven of them might well help. We sometimes confuse them with the overworked word "entertainment." In the final analysis, they please--some of them. Or they are called "deep,--educational,--elevating,--etc.," and this misleads us a bit. They do these things but even more than pleasure, intellectual fanfare, exams, decoration, religious idea, psychological ramification, the arts have much to do with each individual finding his own vision through them.

As the individual becomes more and more familiar with the Arts and finds what instinctively arouses responses in him, (avoiding the usual cliches about Art, and supplying himself with such information as he needs) he cannot help but make associations with these many forms and refine his points of view. Which is another way of saying it seems to free the mind from fixed, one-track viewing and thinking.

How? In my last column I briefly described the seven Arts. They are carefully composed and completed works. They have a beginning, middle, and end. Yet sometimes they seem incomplete and leave us questioning and this, too, is its completion. Life is usually incomplete and Art seems deceptive and too easy sometimes. But when our minds are frustrated with dissatisfactions, regrets, problems or whatever, the Arts present for us a full circle of finished effort. Knowing this and noting the word "effort" we can feel our way past the complications usually associated with them and whether we try or not, our personal associations come into focus as small, clear, wrong accents, or whatever shape they might then assume.

Then there is the courage or ability to face problems. Sometimes I find that music is the only answer to what weighs me down. Yet music gives no advice, but it seems to move me to my own answers. Then there's the book where in persons, places, things, situations and interactions shine with such brilliant clarity. I must look again around me in order to see what I've been seeing through habit alone. Elementary? Think again. It's fundamental. Building up formidable phrases in order to "understand" Art, or checking dates or artists' idiosyncracies are helpful only to a degree but not really the point here. They may be a means to an end, but many times become ends in themselves.

Another important fact of Art is selection: what to choose and what to leave out. Art is made of selection and rejection. This we can all use. It heightens our selective ability, taste factor, sharply tuned senses.

And finally, the fixing of Arts (or friends, foods, places, etc.) into categories or lists headed by "like" and "don't like" may well deprive us of refreshing experience. Many books, pieces of music, pictures, first left me rather unmoved because of their unfamiliarity, yet many of these are now favorites of mine alongside of particular choices.

Thus instead of answering questions or problems I only refer to the Arts and suggest "living" with them. You'll discover a more personal, helpful way of doing and feeling. □



1953 DOO WOP TO 1969 CLASS

**By
Chuck
Barksdale
of the Dells**

9½ percent of all Black Americans have a gospel background, if you know what I mean. I got it too. I wasn't really in a gospel group but I was a kid singing in church.

I was born and raised in Harvey, Illinois which is a suburb of Chicago. Fortunately, it was a mixed neighborhood and so was my school. We were a little below middle class and my experiences were more universal than a Chicago ghetto blackman. Like, I always heard a lot of white music as well as all types of black music. Not only blues and gospel.

I grew up in the late 1930's and the early 40's when you had to look hard for a dollar. My mother was an opera singer who would have been a star if she really wanted to and my father was a great entertainer who never got the right breaks.

We didn't even own a radio in those days but my mother was a great influence on me. She made me go to music school. I had a fantastic teacher but I wanted to be out playing baseball. I went to music school for three years and one day I left my books on the bus accidentally on purpose. My mother was dis-

gusted and if I knew I was going to be in music I would have gone back to get those books.

As time goes by, I find there's an awful lot of knowledge the group and myself need. It's very frustrating to get ideas and not have the music knowledge to carry them out. I'm really disgusted now because I want to get into arranging and I have to learn it all over. It's not an easy job when you have to do a million other things. I really wish I had a good solid education.

My basic knowledge came from my grandfather. He was a beautiful bass singer in the church choir and he was thrilled when I wanted to join.

He said "Well, what part do you want to sing?"

And I said "Grandpa, I wanna sing what you sing," and I was just a little kid.

To keep me happy, he kept me in the bass section along side him. That's where I learned the fundamentals of bass singing. It just fit right in with the vocal group thing.

We were singing gospel but when the rhythm and blues vocal groups came in with "doo-wop" bass singers it was basically all gospel runs. The church choirs sang acapella so the bass singers had to carry the rhythm, lead. A bass singer took the place of a stringbass or a tuba.

The music I liked to hear then was by Sarah Vaughn, Dinah Washington, Oscar Peterson, The Ink Spots, the Ravens, the Dominoes, stuff like that. Either jazz or church music. We weren't Southern. We were born in Illinois so my taste wasn't as funky as a southern Negro. Rhythm and blues wasn't popular then anyway.

My church thing wore out, like it does with most kids. I couldn't cut sitting up in the choir loft every Sunday. In grammar school I was in an all boy glee club and it was ridiculous. Maybe two guys besides myself could sing in key, but I was still singing. Then I went into the high school glee club which was a little better.

Then after high school I joined the Air Force and the only singing I did there was with a bunch of guys hanging around in the barracks. I loved Sonny Till & The Orioles then. So did everybody else. My all time idol is Jimmy Ricks who used to be with the Ravens. He's the best bass singer ever. I tried to sing like him. I've tried to sing like Nat King Cole but I couldn't cut tenor or baritone. I always wanted to be the basso profundo, the big growler.

After the service, I came home and music started to grow on me. A friend of mine, Mike McGill, had a little shed in back of his house with a phonograph and we used to go in there and listen to records by the Clovers and the Dominoes and all those records. They were big ole 78 records at that time. But we'd sit around and laugh and joke and sing along with the records. One day we decided it might be fun to have our own vocal group.

First, there were six of us. By 1953 we were pretty good and we did our first record for Checker called "Christine" backed with "Darling, Dear I Know." Then, we were called the El Rays. We were strictly an acapella group. We didn't even have a guitar. Mostly, we sang for the fun of it at dances and parties. Our music then was ultra-simple. We called it "I like Candy" changes. There were four chords and that was the whole bass for every song we did.

It was fantastic then, Chicago had a big vocal group thing going then like Detroit has now, only it was better then. The old Chicago groups competed fiercely with their harmony. There was no choreography and dancing all over the place. The groups then worked real hard to out-do each other with tight harmony.

In those days, there were only four pieces recording behind the groups. It was mostly for rhythm. Then when a saxophone was added, wow, that was a big deal. Red Holloway and another guy named "Wash" were the biggest

tenor players in town. They did all the sax stuff in Chicago. They cut everything with us, the Moonglows, the Flamingoes, the Spaniels, the El Dorados, the Magnificents.

The New York scene had the Solitaires, the Heartbeats, the Cadillacs and a bunch of others. Every big city had their own thing. Detroit, at the time, had the Diablos, Hank Ballard and the Midnighters, the Flames (not James Brown's group) who were out of sight. The Midnighters used to be the Five Royales.

Let me tell you something funny about a guy called Buzzy Willis. He sang with the Willows, the Crows, and the Solitaires. He kept going back and forth. A lot of guys did that. There were the Jacks who came to California from down south. Their bass singer, Dub, went with the Coasters. Boy, there's nothing like those old days. It might be more organized today, and bigger business, but the talent isn't there.

There was a disc jockey in Chicago who put on shows called "Battle of the Groups." He'd hire Illinois Jacquet and his Orchestra and invite singing groups to come onstage. Maybe there'd be ten or fifteen groups. Man, there were some battles. Before the Moonglows came to Chicago, the Flamingoes were the top group. Then the Spaniels and a group called the Counts from Indianapolis who'd come in to try and cut everybody. They were very good.

Those battles were something. We took it real serious. We'd be standing back stage, listening and we'd get all nerved up. "Look, man, we're gonna kill those guys... Don't sing flat... If I wiggle my finger you know you're flat." It was fierce, and man we were scared because we were just coming up as the Dells. We didn't even have uniforms. We'd all just wear our suits, whatever color they were. We finally got enough money to buy matching shirts and we thought that was great.

It was much better then, because it was all down to singing. If you couldn't stay in key and cut a good sound, forget it.

Today, the groups walk into a recording session and they get a full orchestra. We started in 1953 and we didn't have a violin section until 1960. Young people today don't realize what it was like before.

We were one of the original street singing groups in Chicago. We sang wherever we happened to be. There was an ice cream parlor we went to every day and just sang our heads off. The owner hung a sign in the window that said "Home of the Dells." Everybody came in to hear us. He used to kick us out and we had to sing on the street. One time a lady threw a pail of water on us. We vowed then that we'd become the greatest group ever. "Man, they can throw water on us, throw stones, but we're gonna make it."

Man, we were stone-hooligans. We broke out car windows and threw pumpkins at buses. We were bad, man. But we were always singing.

Men's rooms were fantastic to get that good harmony. I really got into my bass thing in a men's room. Wow, that big bass sound. We'd sing anywhere.

After a while there were mixed groups. There were even some all white vocal groups. One of them was the Mellow Kings. They did "Tonight, Tonight." We were on a show with them and they snuck in and out sang us. We said, "Damn, we can't let no white boys cut us up like that. Man, we got to tighten up." They were all white and they were good. The first funky white vocal group I remember was the Skyliners. They were fantastic. They had "Since I Don't Have You." I'll tell you who I thought was colored — Bobby Darin, man. When I heard "Splish Splash" I said, "Man, there's a bad soul brother."

In 1954 we left Checker and went to the Veejay label. In '56 we had "Oh What A Night," our only major hit and a lot of minor songs. We sort of dropped out to tighten up. We worked with Dinah Washington and Ray Charles for a few years on the road. We scuffled, but we were used to scuffling. It was easier to scuffle than it was to make money.

We decided we had to change, get better. So we ran into Curt Stewart, the music director for Sarah Vaughn and Della Reese. He's a very astute musician. He taught us so many musical things and arranged some beautiful songs for us. We really groomed ourselves. We played some class supper clubs and got into modern harmony, real tight complicated stuff. Dinah Washington gave us our big chance in class clubs. With Ray Charles, all we sang was jazz arrangements. People were amazed that we were the Dells that sang those old R&B songs.

Most of all the old groups died out, because they couldn't make money. They didn't change. They couldn't see that they had to stop singing those simple records they made. We were fortunate that we wanted to get into other bags.

All the guys in the Dells now are the original guys, except for Johnny. He's one of the original Flamingoes, but he's been with us for nine years. I think our comeback has inspired a lot of old vocal groups to try something new. Pookie Hudson, the lead singer of the Spaniels, is trying to comeback and right now, our producer, Bobby Miller, is working with Bobby Lester the original lead singer of the Moonglows. Lester will be on Chess. I think we'll be bringing the dead back to life. They take a look at us and figure "Man, the Dells have been here since water. If they can do it, I can too."

But man, you have to be qualified. You got to get a formal education in whatever you want to do. This is one of the biggest businesses in the world now. If you want to make it and stay in it, you've got to qualify. Once you get the money, you got to learn how to keep it. That's another problem. □ chuck & jim

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AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHNNY WINTER

HP: You must be going through some incredible changes.

WINTER: Yeah, well really, I'd thought about it so long and planned it and waited for it so it really didn't catch me that much by surprise. I had things pretty well figured out but still it's shocking, really groovy that I'm not wandering around again wondering what to do next. It's everything that I've been working for for 10 years. When I got up every morning I'd hope that would be the day when it would happen. It's been a long time coming. I've been putting out records, playing, traveling.

HP: I was under the impression that you were strictly a Texas area performer.

WINTER: Everybody is. That's what's so strange. I was never in the Texas area much. Most of the time was spent out of Texas. For two years we had an agent in Atlanta, Georgia and we played lounges and things, the GoGo circuit. We played R&B, ballads and things. You know a drinking type crowd. The response was kind of good, it was what they wanted to hear. But that scene just isn't—well it was just a way for us to stay alive. We got well-known on the circuit. I was making \$400 a week just for myself which is ok for just a club musician. But we had to do Misty and Moonlight in Vermont and those kind of things. We'd do Funky Broadway — just all around stuff.

HP: Have you made records?

WINTER: Yes, just too many to count. It's just unbelievable. I was on major labels, got a lot of local labels too, regional hits. A couple looked like they were gonna break out but y'know just never did. Every day I'd say, well maybe tomorrow, y'know things were looking good but it never happened. I was never

allowed to play blues because it wasn't something that people could dig. I'd sneak one in once and a while but...

Enter — Steve Paul (Johnny's manager)

"We'll go to Nashville tomorrow and bring the guys out on Thursday. All right? Then as soon as we know it's cool I'll call Marshall Chess in Chicago and get Willie Dixon. Is there anyone else you want?"

WINTER: Maybe a harp player. Any cigarettes?

Steve Paul: We'll get some for you in a few minutes.

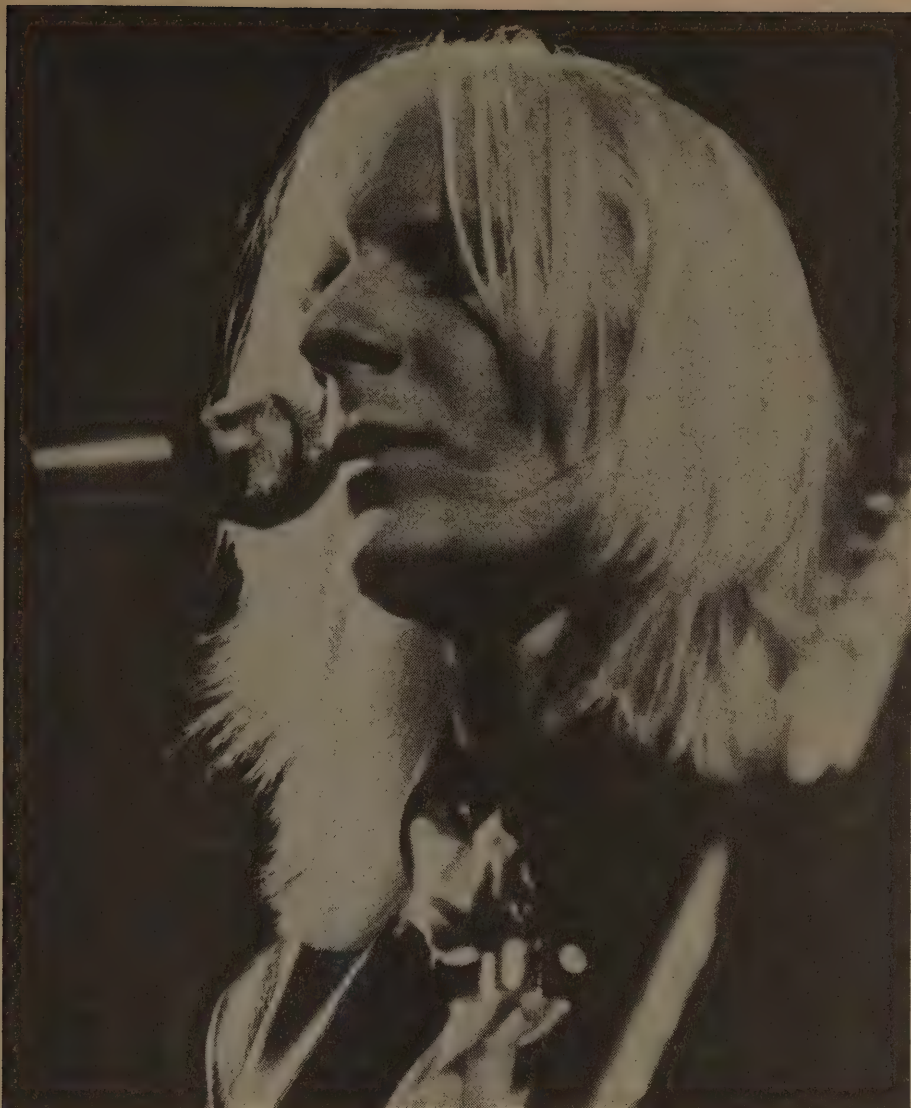
Exit — Steve Paul

HP: You were saying that you didn't play too many blues numbers because they weren't accepted.

WINTER: Blues was always a personal thing for me. I never really considered making a living as a blues singer at that time. Nobody was liking it. I started listening to blues when I was about eleven. I would listen to WLAC in Nashville, a 50,000 watt station that played those post war blues things. I'd buy the records and take them home and listen to them and everybody hated it. I didn't have one friend that I could groove on it with. If I'd play it in a club, I'd maybe do a B. B. King thing and jive it up, make it real commercial but still it was a lull for them. I didn't want to force the situation, I'm not the type that would say ok you gotta dig this, this is good. I can't play my best if I think people aren't enjoying it and I knew people wanted to hear that other stuff. It was just a personal thing that I did when I could because I loved it. I'd go to colored clubs and play with colored musicians and for colored people.

HP: That must have freaked them out.

WINTER: Oh, they loved it. When I was fifteen and sixteen they loved it



and I felt really close to them.

But all of a sudden things changed with blues. British groups started doing it and white people started accepting it. It started really ticking me off. Here for years I was really loving it and nobody ever listened. And then these people were recording it and I thought weren't as good as me. Some of 'em were excellent but a lot of groups that are making it aren't any good at all. People that copy Eric Clapton and Jimi Hendrix instead of Muddy Waters — I've talked to some of them and they don't even know who the old guys were. They really believe that they're copying some form of British Music! It's unbelievable!

I bugged the record company in Texas to do a blues record, please to let me do it. I never got anywhere with them.

HP: What was your childhood like?

WINTER: It's really strange...I had a band when I was 15 and my whole life changed.

I guess I'll start from, well, Daddy had a cotton business in Leland, Miss., right in the delta. His family has always

been into cotton things. Most of the blues people you picture as coming out of cotton plantations and my Daddy owned one. (laughter) I often wonder if the Delta had any influence on me when I was younger. Daddy went out of business because he had a small concern and bigger companies were moving in with big machines and stuff and we moved back to Beaumont, Texas. I was about five when we moved, just before I started school. I guess you'd call my folks middle class or upper middle class. We got a nice house and my mother's parents had some bread.

I've never needed anything, everything was always cool. I had great parents. Musical people. Daddy played banjo and sax and Mama played piano and they sang so I sang soon as I could talk. Daddy dug barbershop quartet stuff. We'd all sing harmony, me and my little brother.

HP: Is your brother albino too?

WINTER: Yes, that's unbelievable. The chances against that happening in one family are unbelievable. There's never been an albino in the family before,

both my parents have dark hair.

First part of my life was probably the lousiest because I was an albino and the kids in school were really cruel. You can't rationalize with kids. People were rotten to me for no reason except that I had white hair. It really bothered me. Like one of the big things when you're young is to get your first car and like I couldn't drive because I had bad eyesight and I couldn't get a drivers license. And you know the most popular guy in school is usually the star football player or a big baseball player, and lack of vision kept me from doing all those things. My eyesight is 20/200. I can't really see except real close up. But when I got into music it didn't matter. I've never felt impaired at all.

HP: Do you think that because you were an albino you were treated like a Negro?

WINTER: Certainly. I think one of the main reasons that I got into feeling so close to colored people is I saw people discriminating against them and I felt a common bond. People were rotten to them for the same reasons, 'cos I was different. I was even a smaller minority than the colored people! We're not even organized! I felt more accepted in the Negro clubs than I did around white people.

But when I was around fifteen there was a station in Beaumont, KJET, which played black music. I used to listen to it all the time. I got to be friends with a disc jockey on KJET that was also a guitar player, he played clubs and everything. I did gigs and played with him. I loved blues from the minute I first heard it. I didn't care who hated it or what it wasn't because it was black people's music or anything, I just loved it. Blues makes you feel groovy. You hear other people sing and you know they've got the same problems as you. When you sing it yourself you're lettin' it all out, telling people how you feel.

HP: When did you pick up the harp?

WINTER: I did that because I loved harmonica and there wasn't anyone else in the band that played. I don't really consider myself to be a harp man but I like to mess around with them. Guitar is really my instrument.

HP: You were still in school, weren't you, when music took first place in your life?

WINTER: Yes, I went to school but I didn't study or anything, didn't give a darn. I played guitar.

HP: What was your social life like? Did you finally get into kids your own age? Did you have girlfriends and all?



WINTER: No. I was completely different. I was hanging out with Negroes and nightclub broads. Everyone else had girlfriends and went to proms and I'd go out to the clubs and get drunk. All the girl's mothers were terrified of me. Even if one of them would want to go out with me their mothers probably wouldn't have let them. I only stayed in school because I loved my folks so much. They never did anything wrong to me and I didn't ever want to hurt them. I went to college for a little while too. After one semester I knew I had to do something, school just didn't cut it. I quit college and went to Chicago. I had some kind of strange ideas in my mind of maybe going to Chicago and playing with Muddy Waters and Little Walter or something. I was about 18 then.

I had one friend who played bass up there and I stayed with him. He didn't have a place for me in his group and I didn't know what I was going to do. So I went to a music store and pretended like I was going to buy an electric guitar. I'd dig the people coming in. If they looked like they were going to be a musician, then I'd turn the guitar up real loud and play every note I could play. Then I'd go talk with them. After I'd been there two or three hours I had several gigs lined up.

HP: Did you ever play for any of the blues bands you imagined playing with?

WINTER: No. I never even got near them. I lived on the North side and I couldn't find anyone who would take me into the colored club section. They were all terrified to go there. When I went by myself it was just so bad. I wanted to go back but not alone. I played State Street lounges, but it was the same thing I'd always been doing, not blues. Regular businessmen's lounges. I read somewhere that Michael Bloomfield had a blues club on State Street called the Fickle Pickle and he was bringing in people like Big Joe Williams and Little Brother Montgomery and lots of blues people that nobody had heard of. He was finding them and paying them like \$25.00 a night out of his own pocket. I wasn't even sure who Mike was. I walked in one time and he was sitting there over the counter. I took my harp out and started playing. I started jamming with him and other people at the Fickle Pickle on my night off. I had his name and address and I went back to Texas without really telling him I was going or anything. I wanted to get in touch with him but I never did. I didn't see him again till I played the Fillmore in New York. He was so nice. Mike is such a great person! I never kept in touch and I guess I should

have, you know maybe get a band together with him some years back. But I guess it all works out for the best.

HP: It always works out for the best. You look back on the worst crisis in your life. Everything works out for the best always.

WINTER: I believe that. I think I'm a lot more ready now than I was before.

I went with several different bands for a while. I was unhappy. I didn't have a good group or anything. I met Red, the drummer. I met him in Houston. He'd just quit a band in Dallas. We started talking and we sat in. He had a friend, Tom, and that was how the group got started. The whole idea of this group was we weren't going to play for anyone but ourselves. We had a good combination. They both gave up everything to do it. Right away we found out no club dates. We started working head joints in the area. You gotta travel, but there are head places where teenagers and groovy people go. For months we really just starved though. I didn't have to work, I had my parents. But they didn't have anything. They really slept on the floor and didn't have enough to eat.

HP: There's been criticism that your band isn't up to your playing.

WINTER: I understand why it is. But we don't have a Cream type group. It would never work in the first place. I want guys that are primarily following me. I think they're excellent for that. One of the main reasons I wanted to do blues so bad is, before there wasn't anybody to play for. As soon as I realized that John Mayall was making albums I started thinking how can I get there.

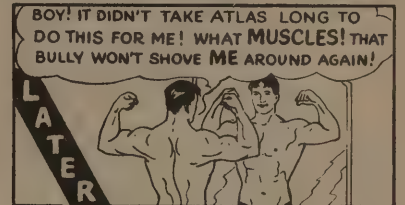
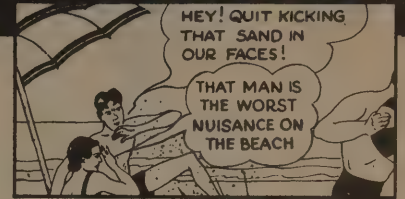
HP: What does it do to your head when people tell you you're going to be a superstar?

WINTER: I love it. I don't really mean about being a superstar because I don't care that much. I know I play good blues and I want people to hear me and I wanted people to like me. The greatest part of it all to me is that people really do enjoy it. When somebody comes up to me and says, man you really did a great show, I just love that, that's the greatest part of it all. I've been waiting for it so long and wanting it and I thought about it and I really think that nothing's going to happen to me that I really haven't thought of. I feel like now everything is cool, it's the way it should be.

HP: Are you full of optimism now?

WINTER: Yeah, I've got a chance to do everything I want to do. ☐ ellen sander

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MARY HOPKIN'S FIRST ALBUM

"You'll either love it," says Mary Hopkin, brushing a wisp of hair away, "Or you'll hate it." They bring in the sandwiches and her new first LP, "Post Card," and we listen as her recorded pure voice glides over the silky words of the Donovan song, "Voyage Of The Moon." The mood is soft as a dream and after a while I find myself asking her questions in the hushed tone of a man in church. "Are you listening?" she asks, her forehead clouded, "to the words? They tell a story. It's the images...they're lovely."

So each song plays and then we talk. She is apologetic about almost everyone, unsure of herself but all the time wanting to be good, wanting to be appreciated for her voice and not for herself.

"I'm nothing, and I know it," she tells me flatly.

But my voice...that I care about. I must sing right and do something my very best, and the thing I wish were different about recording is that you have to stop sometime.

"You may have to say 'Right, we can't do another take, that's the one to release. You have to stop, but you know that if you kept on and on recording, you could do it better some time in the future. But the record is made, and that's what people will judge. There's no going back and doing it again."

"Paul has an idea for my next single, but it won't be for a while yet. I don't think there's any need to rush after 'Those Were The Days', because, really, this is the follow-up."

The whole mood of this first LP is quiet, gentle, middle-of-the-road, produced by Paul

McCartney with the side of his mind far from psychedelics and "Pepper" and rock 'n' roll and blues.

I mean no disparagement when I say that the mums and dads will love it, because so will Big Sister and Elder Brother and most people who like nice songs with good tunes gracefully sung. Even the brighter numbers (and I notice that Mary always calls them just "songs," never anything else) have a late-night roundness that very firmly makes them music to listen to and not dance by.

All are, unashamedly, LP tracks and LP tracks only. And they are wrapped in 1940's nostalgia like "Love Is The Sweetest Thing," "Someone To Watch Over Me," and a slowed-down but stretched-out version of "There's No Business Like Showbusiness" in which Mary conveys a lot more meaning than the usual razz-a-

...matt-azz; or new and tender songs like George Martin's "The Game."

There are 14 tracks on this unexpectedly warm and quiet collection of sadness and showbusiness and snowdrops (see Mary talking about "Y Blodyn Gwyn,") and each has been performed and produced with fragile care.

There are two ("Prince En Avignon" and "The Game") which could have been sung in a lower and a more intimate voice. But that is all.

You will, as Mary says, either love or hate this first Major Recorded Work of hers since the three-million selling "Those Were The Days."

Here are Mary's own comments on each cut. "Lord of the Reedy River." Oh, this is a beautiful song. When I was recording it, I felt as if I was in a dream floating along. It gives you that kind of feeling. Paul and Don sat there on guitar and I sang it as softly as I could.

"Happiness Runs." This is just a happy song I like doing. It was the first one Donovan brought me.

"Love Is The Sweetest Thing." This one is my favorite of all on the whole album. It's so nostalgic, and the orchestra and the treatment seem to take you back so much.

"Y Blodyn Gwyn." This is the song they always sing at the eisteddfods. It's got a lovely sad feeling, hasn't it? A lot of people feel emotional and almost want to cry when they hear it, just for the feel of it. Translated from the Welsh, the words are all about a snowdrop which comes out of the ground too soon, and the singer is saying: "Get back. It's too early yet."

"The Honeymoon Song." This was just nice to do because it's so catchy. It's a Greek composition by Mikis Theodorakis, and we tried to make it bright and sunny.

"The Puppy Song" was written for me by Nilsson, and again it's nice to do because it's got a brighter flavor. I met Nilsson once and he was very charming. But I don't really know him.

"Inch Worm". This is the oldie. I suppose it's one of those songs you either love or you hate.

"Voyage Of The Moon." I had hardly heard this one before. I sang it in the studio. The way we did it was that there were just the three of us. Paul and Don playing guitar — it's a Donovan song — and I sang it straight from Don's book the one in which he writes them down. It was such a lovely song that maybe if I learned it, it wouldn't have meant so much. This way, I just sang it straight out and it seemed to come so naturally. It's a beautiful song full of lovely pictures and images. Maybe they don't come across to other people, but I could feel them while I was singing.

We recorded this one at EMI. It was a Friday night, and Don just came into the studio. We'd recorded his "Happiness Runs" earlier in the week, and we thought how about asking him if he's got any more. He said how about these and got out his big book.

It's a terrific feeling singing Donovan songs, because they've got so much in them.

"Lullaby Of The Leaves." This is another song I hadn't really tried before. I enjoyed doing it, but now, of course, I have to sit back and worry. It was Paul's idea to do it. Do you think it succeeds? I wasn't really too keen at first, because I don't think of myself as this type of singer.

The thing is, I don't think my voice is old enough for this kind of song or I'm old enough. Maybe it doesn't come off because of that. But I know I can feel a song like this.

It's terrible knowing what you want to do, and not being able to do it. I want people to like what I sing but most of all I want to satisfy myself. I want to try so many things, but I get scared in case I can't and I make a fool of myself.

"Young Love." This is the old Tab Hunter hit. We used the Mike Cotton band for this, and we tried for a nice up-tempo sort of sound. We sort of just sat there in the studio and worked ideas out — they were mainly Paul's as usual.

The voices on the refrain belong to the London Welsh Choir. I like rocking-type songs like this, but sometimes I don't think it comes off, because I can never think of myself as being pop. Probably a pop singer would have a lot more punch in it. Anyway, I wouldn't want to sing screamy songs myself.

I think it was the first number we did. "Someone To Watch Over Me." I'm scared about this one. I loved doing it. Don't laugh! People might laugh because they think "Oh, what on earth is she trying to do, and it doesn't come off." But I wanted to do it and I enjoyed doing it because it's a sophisticated and different kind of song. And again — I'm not that kind of singer. But I always try. The backing is Mike Cotton again — trumpet and guitar and so on.

"Prince En Avignon." Oh. This is in French. My French is terrible. I'm not going to say anything about this one at all.

Well... I loved the song before I did it. It's the track I least like, but not because of the song, simply because I don't like me on it. I shouldn't say that, should I? I'll put other people off, and I think maybe they should listen and decide for themselves. My mother loves that one. I don't know why. I just know how my voice should sound. It's my fault — nobody else's fault.

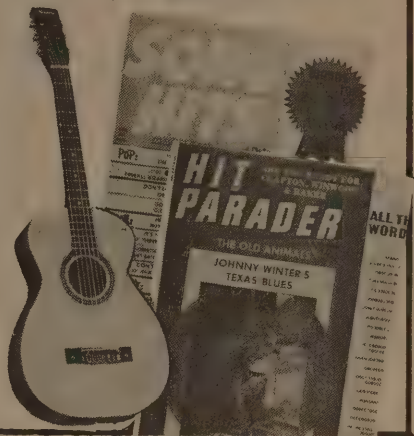
"The Game." I nearly cried when I did this song, because I got so annoyed with myself. It's a beautiful, beautiful song, and it deserves to be sung well or not at all. I tried it so many times, and I was so upset about it. I knew I could do it — but I didn't do it, and I now think I'll never do it the way I would like to.

I was probably all-keyed up and too involved in it, so it didn't come out naturally.

"There's No Business Like Showbusiness."

This was another one I was scared to do, because for me it was so different. I like it because it's a sad song, basically. And yet it's full of hope and cheer. □ alan smith

HOW ADVERTISING WORKS FOR THE HARMONY CO.



The Harmony Company - one of the world's largest manufacturers of fretted instruments - has set up three target markets to be reached by their advertising: The youth market, the "music lovers" market (HIT PARADER and SONG HITS), and the general mass market.

All advertisements feature both acoustic and electric guitars, and some amplifiers. The copy is purposefully short and directed at getting the coupon back. While the coupons returned are "countable," no one knows how many thousands of HIT PARADER and SONG HITS readers are influenced to go directly to the store to inspect Harmonic instruments without waiting to send for the catalog. Management at Harmony is convinced the "walk-in prospect" segment of response is of equal importance with the "coupon-referral" part. Said a Harmony spokesman:

"The handling of coupons when they arrive at Harmony has been reduced to simple efficiency. Envelopes are opened, coupons analyzed, tabulated according to publication, and sorted as to dealer locality. Catalogs are mailed to prospects promptly. Since the coupons request the name of the writer's favorite dealer, the music merchant is notified also.

"Where the name of the dealer is not given, the coupons are sent to those cooperating merchants who have registered a desire to take part in the program."

The editor of the HIT PARADER "Shopping Bag" feels that when following these steps you are generally assured a more personal contact with the music dealer in that he knows your basic Harmony music instrument needs.

(Partial reprint from "The Music Trades," January '69.)

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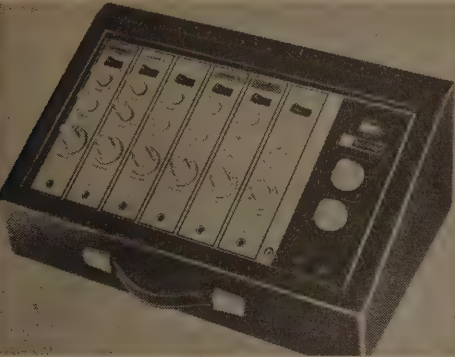
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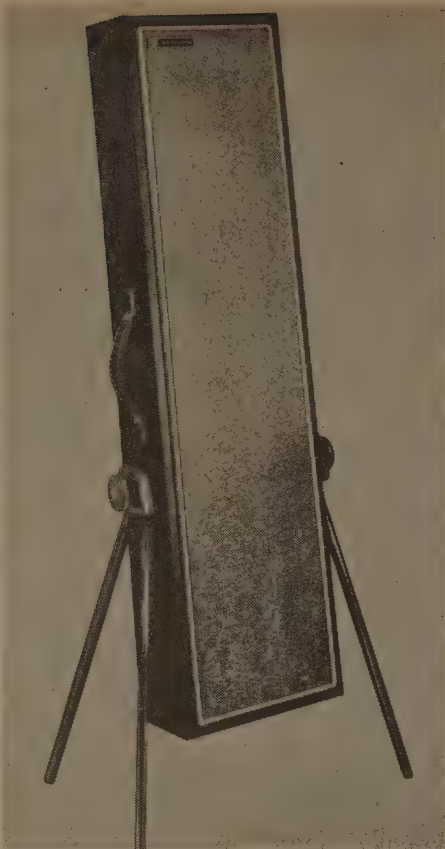
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BOGEN SC150 SOUND COLUMN

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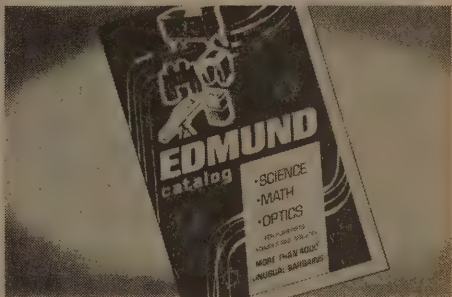
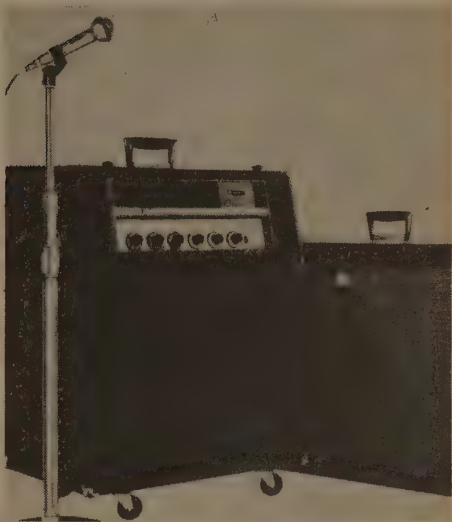
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JACK BRUCE **ON "GOODBYE"**

"Goodbye" is the last legacy of the now defunct Cream — both a farewell from and an affirmation of a great group and maybe the greatest — an album that will sell a million and deserve to.

It comprises six tracks. Three are what could be described as the best that the Cream have recorded live; the other three are one each from Jack, Ginger and Eric with a writing and

musical contribution on one from a "masked" George Harrison. It is striking not least for the brilliant cover design by Alan Aldridge.

In top hats, silver silk tails, silver shoes and carrying canes, Jack, Ginger and Eric glide across the front cover in a soft shoe shuffle fond goodbye. Inside the fold out sleeve is a painting by Roger Hane of gravestones with

the titles of the tracks inscribed on each one, the final one bearing the message "R.I. P." and a wreath. The soft shoe shuffle is again on the back cover in a different pose with the Cream in a more ebullient and apparently alcoholic mood.

If that's your impression too, then you won't be far wrong. The mood was achieved, Jack Bruce told me on Tuesday through a combination of beer



and Lionel Blair.

"Alan Aldridge had been commissioned to design an appropriate cover and he came up with the idea," said Jack. "We all got drunk very quickly; Fats Waller records and things like that were played in the background and Lionel Blair showed us how to do the steps."

It should also be said that there is an informative description of the line up on each track — something that we had on "Wheels Of Fire" and something it would be nice to see from other quarters — and that the name "L'Angelo Misterioso" credited with rhythm guitar on "Badge" hides the identity of George Harrison who co-wrote that track with Eric Clapton.

Here is a run through of the six tracks with Jack's comments on them:

Nine minutes 11 seconds of "I'm So Glad" opens the album and Cream fans will be glad to see that this, one of the highlights of the group onstage, has gone down on record at last. The song, a blues classic originally written and sung by Skip James in the twenties, was among a batch of records Eric gave to Jack to sort through when the Cream in its infancy had little original material if its own to perform. The "Goodbye" version is as good as they've ever done it and it will suffice to say the musicianship is simply stunning. Says Jack: "I think this and the other two live ones are probably better than the live tracks on 'Wheels of Fire.'" Not so much musically better, but in the overall live sound. This is a personal favorite of mine."

"Politician" (6.12) is the powerful blues item with that nagging insistent riff, a live version of which was on "Wheels." It was written by Jack and Pete Brown.

Upon the simple framework, Eric unleashes the kind of guitar playing upon which legends are built. There will be people who argue that this is the best he's put on record and they won't be far from wrong, but that shouldn't detract from Jack and Ginger's contribution which speaks for itself.

Says Jack: "Some of the solos have really come out very nice. 'Politician' is one of those songs that is better live than in the studio. It is just a simple, nice little song."

Both "Politician" and "Sitting On Top Of The World" are on "Wheels Of Fire" in studio form and on "Goodbye" they are vastly different and better, but didn't Jack feel this was cheating the fans?

"I thought about this," he replied. "But this was an album we wanted to get together quickly to finish things off.

We had effectively broken up when it was made so we wanted to get it done as quickly as possible."

"Sitting On Top Of The World" (5.01) is the final live track — all three were recorded at Los Angeles on the Cream's farewell tour of America — and the first of the three specially written tracks is "Badge," Eric and George's piece, which is intriguing to say the least, both lyrically and musically. It is a short track at 2 mins. 45 seconds, one you might not like at first but one that is compelling listening.

George's guitar is evident. Eric sings it and Jack's voice can be heard in the background. The Beatle and Harrison influence is obviously there.

That one sort of happened over a period of time between Eric and George," said Jack. "I like it very much. We messed around with it a bit in the studio, speeded up the voices and played it backwards. The lyrics are very interesting, if you can fathom them out. They are very dark and devious with hidden meanings but you'd have to ask Eric about that."

"Doing That Scrapyard Thing," (3.15) is the contribution of Jack and Pete Brown. Jack sings it and producer Felix Pappalardi is added to the Cream line up on mellotron.

Says Jack: "I hadn't written anything and it was needed in a hurry. I was in a hotel room the night before and these nice changes just sort of came to me.

"We played them in the studio and they suggested a lot more things. This was a song that was really written from the backing track. It started being serious but the way it came out and the way I sang it became a comedy thing."

Final title is "What A Bringdown" (3.56) from the enigmatic Mr. Baker. It is Jack's favorite of the three studio tracks. Jack sings it, plays piano and organ, and there's vocal support from Ginger.

"I like the sound and the feel of it," says Jack. "The words are very, very funny and true.

"I like the album, not because maybe it is the greatest music that ever happened but because it reminds me of what it was like to be a star."

But, he added, it would be true to say that the best of the Cream live has never been captured on record. "We were at our peak when we did our first big American tour," said Jack. "But by the time they could get us together to record we had slipped over the peak. So the best things were not recorded."

□nick logan

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CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL

Long Live Rock and Roll

It's a gutty, close - to - the - soil kind of music that arrests and attacks; a music where, says the *Christian Science Monitor*, "psychedelic sounds and feed-back effects stomp hand-in-hand with earthy blues rhythms and rocking, jarring harmonies." It has throatfuls of happy, sad, reflective, and sometimes teaching blues lyrics, and the whining, crying, bending guitar twangs. . . .twangs that say as much as all the words about pop and rocking blues. .

All the basics are right there, proving how little it matters whether the source is Beale Street, Basin Street, Cottage Grove Avenue, or Fisherman's Wharf. This is expressive, creative pop-rock, generously seasoned with blues, from the town where everything worthwhile in pop, late '60's style, has been going on; where the rocking, plugged-in, string-thumping players flocked from all over the land and took up residence so they could all be part of the big, happening San Francisco scene.

And here was this special kind of music that was there all the time, years before the city by the Bay found itself the post-London rock (and roll) capital of the world: the music of a real, authentic, San Francisco - originated group with a directness about its playing, a simplicity about its message, that the whole world can understand. . .

In April 1959, Berkeley-born John Fogerty was distinguishing himself mostly as a junior high pianist who liked playing songs he heard on the radio. When he sat down to play in school, lots of kids would flock around to listen and request tunes. Young Fogerty had

already tucked away a good name for a group -- because even at 14 he had determined he would be the leader of a combo or a band, not in the distant future but practically at once. He had the instrumental line-up completely in mind, in fact. He just had no players signed up.

Within a very few months, John and a couple of his ninth-grade classmates began thinking along the same track. One of these boys, Doug Clifford, had been practicing drums with great vigor just so he could get into a group. Stu Cook, one of Doug's buddies, played piano and later picked up on guitar and bass as well, since he too was looking to join a group.

"We were all on the same wavelength really," John says today. "I just had to decide whether I would join their band or they would join mine. I chose the latter. And once we got started we were literally the only group playing in school. We were playing blues, not rock and roll, but most of them didn't understand what we were talking about musically. They didn't know the difference."

The Blue Velvets, the not entirely original name selected for this new group, made a series of demo records as tenth-graders; and in 1960 the young players backed a local rhythm and blues singer, James Powell, on a record that went to number one in the Bay area. Other stars like Johnny Fuller, Joe Simon, and Jimmy McCracklin crossed their path and helped harden their allegiance to the blues as a key underpinning for their own group expression.



Sometimes John's older brother Tom, a singing piano player, sat in on dates, making the trio into a foursome, and occasionally Tom would collaborate with John on a song for the group. "I soon learned, however," Tom recalls, "that John is the real songwriter in this group, not me."

High school jobs were plentiful and the blossoming Blue Velvets managed to build a substantial reputation for themselves, although they never played San Francisco until 1968. "For years," John says, "we never played within 100 miles of our homes."

Following high school, The Blue Velvets were signed by San Francisco's one and only record company with any sort of hit heritage, Fantasy Records. Some of the songs John had begun writing in the seventh grade at last found their way onto tape and they sounded fine, except that the public did not make them into immediate hits. It added fuel to the popular myth of the overnight success that took a decade to build.

In June 1967, John completed a tour of duty with the Army and returned to his musical mates full of new resolve and push. The four pooled their total resources (about (\$2,500) and made a pact to point their total effort in a

"make it or forget it" campaign. They began playing like never before, and within a month they were well on their way to a musical breakthrough.

But if the music was getting better, there remained hurdles a-plenty. Like the "real smart manager" they picked up along the way who changed their name to The Colliwogs and got them to wear funny hats. "People looked at us as though we were the Four Puppets," says John. But The Colliwogs and the funny hats soon wore out, and so did the teen club dates at the military bases where, John recalls with a shudder, "everybody wants either a fast or a slow number but nobody cares if it's blues or a polka."

The first step in the new direction seemed to be the acquisition of a new name, and much coffee-drinking went on during the search. Out of these high-pressure think sessions eventually emerged Creedence Clearwater Revival, the sort of name that doesn't just happen by accident. Summing it up, John reviews it this way: "Creedence was the name of a friend of ours, believe it or not, and it also means to believe in. With Clearwater, I got that thought from watching an Olympia Beer commercial, which shows the beautiful

clear water they use for the beer. The idea really appealed to us because it seemed to symbolize the purity that we think is part of it all. With Revival, we feel there's excitement and fervor in the whole thought, and frankly, we like that idea!"

Putting all those colorful words together, a new ensemble was born from the old in the new year of 1968, with tradition, heritage, talent, and personnel all intact. New songs came into being from the increasingly prolific pen of leader John Fogerty. Earlier songs that John had been writing for the whole life of the group began to have a meaningful life of their own. His arrangements sparkled, and his own lead guitar rang increasingly with a combination of authentic roots and modern inventiveness.

By February 1968, a basic repertoire of original material was complete. And in the spring of that year, eight outstanding tracks were taped for their first album on Fantasy Records. Five of these were written by John Fogerty and all are the reflection of his breadth of arranging skill.

The album, titled simply "Creedence Clearwater Revival," rapidly estab-

lished the pattern of national acceptance for this major new entry in the American pop-rock-blues derby. And although John Fogerty authored more than half the numbers therein, he himself helped make the decision that the first would be the oldie hit from the mid-'50's by Checker's Dale Hawkins, "Susie-Q." Interestingly, for its second single, the group selected another album track, "I Put A Spell On You," which had been borrowed from another R&B artist, Jay Hawkins. The formula seemed correct, since the song promptly reached hit proportions.

John Fogerty explains all this quite simply. "I was on a blues kick at seven," he says. "When I started listening to radio in 1953, there was no pop station in our area. All we had was R&B. We just all got into that very early in life. And today, our music bears this trademark. It's not

that we're a blues group. I don't think that's true at all. But I think many good things in music come from the blues roots."

"In the mainstream of the rock-blues movement" is the way one enthusiastic college journalist described the sound. But there are other elements. One critic has noted that "soul is pop R&B, and R&B is pop blues. Each one goes back a little further." The music of Creedence would be stamped as R&B with a heavy residual blues flavor. But there is also the rock 'n' roll element, there is country, a little classical, and some jazz -- in the 1955, rather than the 1968 style.

Influences? Who knows how much any individual really influences another? In any roundtable talk, the names of Duane Eddy, Chet Atkins, Howlin' Wolf, and Lefty Frizzell will come up. They all had a little of the

same thing, it is explained. . . . an honest basic blues feeling." In John Fogerty's words, "It is the most pleasing basic form, the most natural progression."

So it is with Creedence Clearwater Revival, a group which takes pride in making its live performances sound exactly like the record, which in turn can vary widely from one song to another. Leader John Fogerty, for instance, may well play organ, piano, or mouth harp, in addition to lead guitar, on a single album. Bass guitarist Stu Cook also plays piano if he's needed.

The sun of it all is "a spiritual togetherness, an inspirational thing that is much more than a lead singer and three musicians." Or, as the *Daily Californian* at Berkeley put it, "A credit to the business, they're both great musicians and beautiful people. □ren grevatt





"The group is my life and my personal challenge. The music for me is a highly personal form of communication and one that breaks down walls of language between people. If music helps people communicate, that's important. If it makes them feel good too, as I think ours does, that's just as important."

- Doug Clifford -

"Right now I'm where I've wanted to be since I was seven years old. But we've still just scratched the surface. There is so much untapped sound and so many songs waiting to be written. We've studied hard what went before. Only the future can tell how well we learned."

- John Fogerty -


"Creedence to me is four individuals who together make up a fifth person. I like to think of that fifth individual as a perfect blend of art and science and one that voices both. All the notes have been played before so there's nothing new scientifically. Artistically, I feel we're injecting something new and with good taste."

- Stu Cook -

"John and I have always been brothers, obviously. But we regard ourselves just as friends. That's the way it is with the group too. We've been together for ten years. We've got a unity of minds. Our goal has been constant... to make it in music, but only after making it together as people."

- Tom Fogerty -

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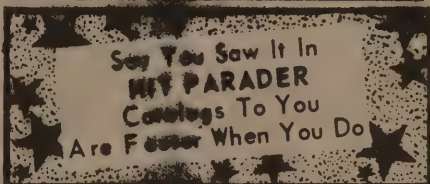
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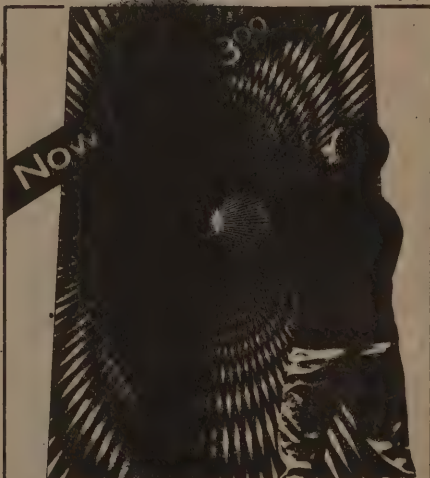
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by John Fogerty lead guitar —
Creedence Clearwater Revival

Everything has been said about "Sgt. Pepper," but it has to be the all time greatest album. It's a total album rather than twelve tunes tied together. Anything the Beatles ever did has been done well, but "Sgt. Pepper" is a mile-

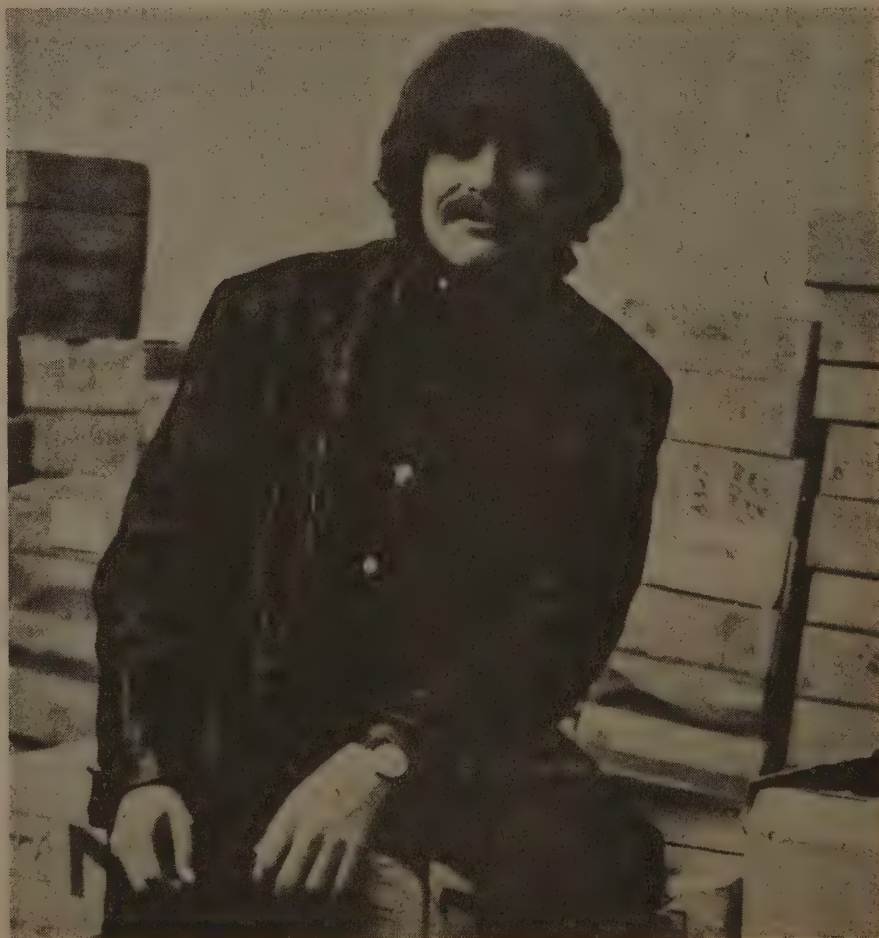
stone. For the Beatles career, it was a culmination and a departure at the same time. It changed them and solidified them. It was much more than just a record.

For longevity, the first Bo Diddley album held my interest. It has "I'm A Man," "Hush Your Mouth," "Before You Accuse Me," "Bo Diddley" and a few more. I like eleven out of the twelve tunes and those eleven were all in the same key. There's a lot of good guitar and singing.

The first Elvis Presley album too, because it's uncited. It's all really honest music. It didn't have a lot of extra stuff like vocal choruses and orchestras. That's lasted through the years for me.

More recently I love the "Born Under A Bad Sign" album by Albert King. It's one of the best albums I've ever heard. There's only one tune I don't like.

Then there's the Ray Charles "In Person" album with "Drown In My Own Tears," "Tell The Truth." That's probably the best live album ever made. Even though the music is very simple the addition of that in person echo and the audience reaction is incredible. Of all the albums I've named, this is probably my favorite. The musicians, the singing, the recording, everything is really together. □





by guest columnist, Bob Hite

Many times over the past four years a simple question has been asked many times. How did the Canned Heat get together? As many times as that question has been asked, the correct answer has always been twisted around by the many people that have taken the story down by hand or on tape. Generally it is taken down with the statement, "I don't have to write it down, I can remember it all." They never do. So here it is, for what it's worth.

One of my main pleasures in life is playing records...not only for myself, but for others.

On one particular night present for the daily evening concert were John Fahey, Alan Wilson, Mike Perlowin and myself. The occasion: John was getting back a tape I had borrowed from him the year before. My mother had been down the hall five times before I decided to turn off the record player. After five minutes of silence, out came one guitar, one harp, and one jug. We made our own music. "Could we have a band here," I asked? "Sure," all answered. Mike said he knew a bass player, and I knew a drummer. By the next day we had a whole band.

Our first rehearsal was held at the home of my best friend (he was in the army at the time) Claude McKee. It was a Sunday afternoon. Present were Mike Perlowin (lead), Al Wilson (bottle-neck guitar), Stu Brotman (bass), Keith Sawyer (drums), Bob Hite (vocal). We rehearsed three songs. We thought we were pretty together...

Three days passed, it was Wednesday night and our second rehearsal. Stu couldn't come so we went on without him. We had to watch "Batman" first—it was the first week on TV, then we commenced.

The band was only four days old and already we had no lead guitar or drummer. Nor did we have a name.

Stuart's room mate Ron Holmes played drums, so we asked him if he would play with us. He said yes, but only until we could find someone else. Alan had a friend that played lead, Kenny Edwards.

I called Henry to tell him I was in a band, and that he should come over to the Ash Grove and see us. I saw him during our performance, but didn't get to talk to him. I heard from him two days later at 4:00 a.m. (My father really blew it...) He had just quit the Mothers of Invention and wanted to join.

I said yes, without consulting any of the others. Alan was really upset—it seems that Kenny was keeping Alan alive and that they were really close friends. At that time Blind Owl was really low

We added Henry and kept Kenny. It just didn't work with 3 guitars, so Alan took on the task of firing Kenny. It was a sad day for Al. Kenny went with "The Stone Poneys" a little later. About that time Frank Cook was added, and that was Canned Heat.

Our first album, "Canned Heat" was not a big album, but it sold, enough to let people know who we were. We had been playing pretty regularly at the Topanga Corral, our favorite club in L.A. Stu never returned, and now he is, with "The Kaleidoscope." So we used Mark Andes (Now with "Spirit,"). Blues just wasn't Mark's bag, so after one month he gave notice and we found The Mole.

Larry was with us about four months when Frank got itchy feet. He didn't like the direction we were heading so he gave notice. He now plays with "Pacific Gas & Electric," and—along came Fito.

Fresh from Mexico, Fito said he was born to play with Canned Heat. We all agreed, and now the Heat was ready. Henry, Al, Larry, Fito, and me.

It was time for a new album. We cut some of the tracks in Chicago, while we were getting a level on the instruments, we played an old John Lee Hooker Boogie. Our producer hollered "That's it!" and our "Boogie" was born.

So far we've been to England, France, Belgium, Germany, Sweden, and around the U. S. at least four times. By the time you read this, we will have been to Australia, too, and we'll be getting ready for our second European tour.

Our latest album "Living the Blues" is another step for us. Progression is what we're trying to accomplish. If a group doesn't progress they might as well hang it up. The Heat isn't ready for that. We're about to start working on our 4th album, after Australia...and that's our story.

Remember, R. M. S. is truth, and Blues Power is a way of life. □

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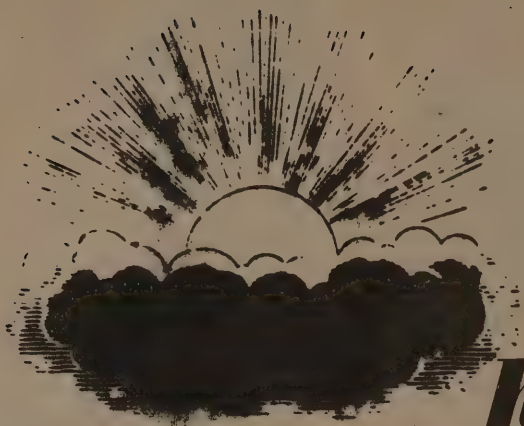
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TYRONE DAVIS

In little over three months, Tyrone Davis has become one of the brightest "new" blues singers on today's music scene. His sensational recording, "Can I Change My Mind," turned into a smash seller almost from the day it was released in the fall of 1968 and by January of 1969 it had jumped to the top of

the best-selling charts, bringing Tyrone Davis the fame that had eluded him for so many years. That he has finally made the big-time is a tribute to his tremendous ability as a singer and his deep-rooted belief in himself.

Tyrone Davis knew he wanted to be a professional singer ever since he started singing for friends in high school. But his entry into the

music business came not as a performer, but as a driver and valet for one of our great blues stars, Freddie King. His job with King gave him an opportunity to meet many other outstanding blues singers, like Bobby "Blue" Bland (his idol), Little Milton and Otis Clay, all of whom encouraged him to go out on his own as a singer.

The man who guided his career back in Chicago, where he returned after leaving his job with Freddie King, was Harold Burrage, the producer-songwriter, who became his advocate, counselor and friend. Tyrone became Harold Burrage's protegee; Burrage talked him up for club dates, wrote songs for him, produced his first record and secured Tyrone's first recording contract. Through Burrage, Tyrone became known in Chicago and started to get regular weekend employment in small clubs in the city. Finally, Burrage convinced Tyrone to quit his daytime job in a local steel mill and concentrate full-time on a singing career.

Then, suddenly, in 1965, Tyrone Davis' friend and guide, Harold Burrage, died. Davis, broken up over his death, and "without anyone to turn to," considered giving up his career. He was ready to return to the steel mill and quit singing for good. But his friends (and Davis has many in Chicago), urged him on. It was at this period in his career that Tyrone Davis decided that he had to find his own singing style. "I wanted to sing like myself, not like Wilson Pickett, or Little Milton, or Bobby Blue Bland." From that point on, Davis struggled to find himself, to sing songs that fitted him, not anyone else. He made a number of records and came through with some local Chicago hits ("Please Consider Me;" "I Tried It Over"), but he was still looking for the big one.

In the summer of 1968, Tyrone Davis came to the offices of Dakar Records in Chicago. He had with him a demo record he had cut a few months before. It was called "Can I Change My Mind." Dakar Records' Willie Henderson liked the song and decided to record it with Tyrone. The rest of the story is well known. "Can I Change My Mind" became the hit that brought Tyrone his first big break.

As of February 1969, "Can I Change My Mind" passed the million mark in sales and earned Tyrone Davis his first gold record.



JOE SOUTH

Joe South was born in Atlanta, Georgia, on February 28, 1942. He is a writer, producer, player, and performer. Joe started playing the guitar when he was eight years old. He was playing on local radio stations, (when they still had those kind of shows) in Atlanta as a featured star, by the time he was ten. He also tried his hand as a disc jockey while in high school at Radio Station WFOM, doing this after-school on week days from 4 to 8PM and all day Saturday and Sunday. He started recording as Bill Lowery's first artist on NRC Records, a label that spun off such artists as Ray Stevens, David Houston, Wayne Cochran, and Jerry Reed. All have come to be known as very heavy writers, in addition to being singers or artists and players.

To give you some idea of Joe's versatility as a guitar player he has played on sessions for Simon & Garfunkel, Bob Dylan, Aretha Franklin, Solomon Burke, Conway Twitty, Marty Robbins and Wilson Pickett. This you might say runs the spectrum of our business, if you don't count Maria Callas. As a producer, he produced all of the Billy Joe Royal hits, as well as wrote most of them including "Hush" and "Down In The Boondocks." He also wrote and produced the Tams' first hit, "Untie Me," and their million seller, "Be Young, Be Foolish, Be Happy." Also the Friend & Lover hit, "Reach Out In The Darkness." All he could do with the latter though, was produce it.

This was all accomplished in a span of fifteen years, and for someone 25 years of age, should be enough to satisfy his creative instincts. However, Joe South has only started with his first album as a featured artist, "Introspect."

Joe feels that music and songs play a very significant role in life. Joe achieves this so simply and beautifully with the lyrics, arrangements, and vocal treatments in "Introspect" that it borders on the unbelievable.

Joe's a born super star talent. His smash single, "Games People Play," is a testament to that talent. It has to happen with "Introspect" too.

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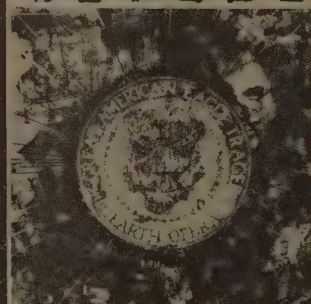
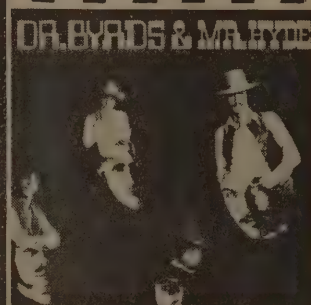
MOBY GRAPE '69 vibrates with delicious, sensuous music. Grape is busting at the seams with original songs and exciting arrangements. Their feel for harmony, counterpoint and interplay of instrumental textures leaves your brain reeling in ecstatic pleasure. "It's A Beautiful Day Today" is all spring and fresh green smells. If you happen to hear this song on a beautiful day, you won't shake it. The most appealing thing about Grape is the way they combine finger picking guitar with rock and roll funk. Then there's "Oh Mama Oh", a vehicle for old Coasters' vocal harmony with hard rock music underneath. "Trucking Man" is one of those up-tempo Grape stompers. Jerry Miller's gritty guitar solos and highly imaginative fills are always breathtaking delights. Every song is a gas. Please Grape, don't break up. (Columbia CS9696).

JETHRO TULL is an excellent jam band from England. They are one of the few bands that combine jazz things and rock things and do it well. Ian Anderson plays very tasty flute on a few numbers. Tull sounds like a blues based band but they're into something else too. There's an interesting performance of "Cat's Squirrel" with a different arrangement than Cream's version. Lovely original songs like "My Sunday Feeling" and "Move On Alone." If you're color blind, you won't be able to read the charming liner notes. (Reprise 6336).

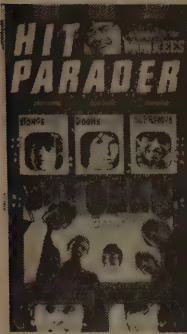
DR. BYRDS AND MR. HYDE and Ol' Roger McGuinn has finally succumbed to a "Clapton type" lead guitarist. Why, when the Byrds had their own original guitar thing to begin with? That's the only criticism, however, because McGuinn is still the powerful anchor and it's still good basic Byrds. Their country songs are absolutely beautiful and it's impossible to resist the bluegrass picking over drums and electric bass. (It must be quite frustrating to be the Byrds with all different musicians.) That new country stuff sure feels good. Just dig "Your Gentle Way Of Loving Me," "Nashville West" and Drug Store Truck Drivin' Man." (Columbia CS9755).

THE GREAT AMERICAN EAGLE TRAGEDY knocked me out. After Earth Opera's first album I wiped them off my list, but this second one is like the dead coming back to life. What happened in between? Obviously, they got into music, but especially country (Via "Big Pink" maybe?). Here, Earth Opera is letting loose with the music they know and feel best. Nothing pretentious. "Home To You" is a very touching country ballad with rolling rhythm and fine steel guitar. (It's getting to the point where you don't have to go to Nashville to get a good country feel.) "Alfie Finney" is another ballad that you can't shake off. Reminds me of Dustin Hoffman for some reason. "Mad Lydia" is a sad Russian gypsy song. "Sanctuary From The Law" is a hard up-tempo number with interesting horns and "All Winter Long" has a thick slow rhythm that builds to a climax with shouting horns. Excellent lyrics and music throughout. (Elektra EKS - 74038)

BLUES AND ROOTS was released in 1960. As I listened to "All Winter Long" from the above album, the sound of the horns tripped my memory for this old Charlie Mingus album. There are two altos, one tenor, one baritone and two trombones with piano, drums and Mingus (composer, and leader) playing bass. If you are a musician or just a listener who digs horns, this album will make your hair bristle. To date, this is one of the few tasteful, exciting performances of free form horn music I've heard. In rock, horns do not have to play simple boring riffs or arranged voicings. They can be as spontaneous as the imagination allows and even, on "Moanin'" and "E's Flat, Ah's Flat Too", powerful carriers of rhythm. Find this album and dig it. (Atlantic 1305). Read Mingus' comments on this album elsewhere in this issue.



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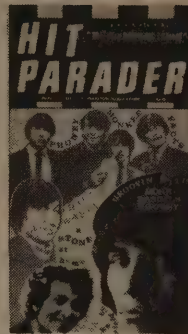


ALL THE WORDS

THE SUPREMES
Bee Gees
Lonnie Mack
Pete Townshend
The Doors
Satanic Stones
Monkees At Home

MAY, 1968

"Dock Of The Bay"
"End Of Our Road"
"I Thank You"
"Valley Of The Dolls"
"I Wish It Would Rain"
"We Can Fly"
"Carpet Man"

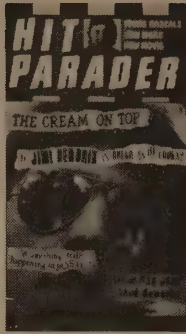


ALL THE WORDS

BOB DYLAN
Otis Redding
Young Rascals
Martha & The Vandellas
The Mothers
Rufus Thomas
Rolling Stones

JUNE, 1968

"Valeri"
"Tapioca Tundra"
"Jennifer Juniper"
"Walk Away Renee"
"Unknown Soldier"
"Scarborough Fair"
"If You Can Wait"
"Since You've Been Gone"

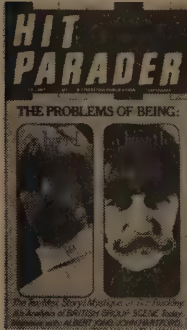


ALL THE WORDS

THE CREAM ON TOP
Jimi Hendrix
Moby Grape
Bee Gees' lead guitar
The Rock Revolution

JULY, 1968

"Honey"
"Lady Madonna"
"Sweet Inspiration"
"Jumbo"
"Jennifer Eccles"
"Forever Came Today"
"Summertime Blues"

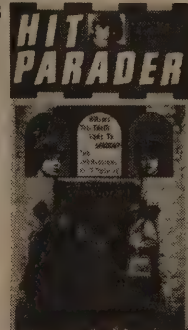


ALL THE WORDS

GASSY STEPPENWOLF
Byrds Interview
Ringo Interview
Rolling Stones
Bob Dylan's new album

SEPTEMBER, 1968

Monkee Album songs
"Mrs. Robinson"
"If I Were A Carpenter"
"Like To Get To Know You"
"Wear It On Our Face"
"The Happy Song"
"Friends"

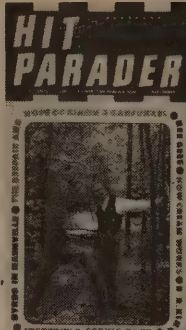


ALL THE WORDS

BEATLES AND GEORGE MARTIN
Big Cream Interview
Donovan - Hollies
Beach Boys
Impressions
Turtles - Laura Nyro

OCTOBER, 1968

"The Look Of Love"
"MacArthur Park"
"Yester Love"
"Choo Choo Train"
"Master Jack"
"I Love You"
"Angel Of The Morning"



ALL THE WORDS

SIMON & GARFUNKEL SPECIAL
B.B. King - The Byrds
Cream Interview
The Bee Gees
Discovering Rock
Elvis Meets Tom Jones
Janis Joplin - Alan Price

NOVEMBER, 1968

"Jumpin' Jack Flash"
"Stoned Soul Picnic"
"Folsom Prison Blues"
"Amen"
"I'm A Midnight Mover"
"Here Comes The Judge"
"Divorce"

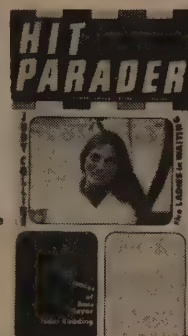


ALL THE WORDS

HOWL'S MOVING CASTLE
Story of Country Rock
Nilsson - Tim Hardin
Interviews with: Aretha Franklin
Donovan - Yardbirds
Paul Butterfield

DECEMBER, 1968

"Born To Be Wild"
"People Got To Be Free"
"Light My Fire"
"Stay In My Corner"
"On"
"1,2,3 Red Light"
"Hello, I Love You"
"Give A Damn"

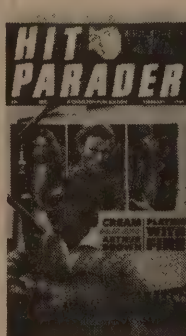


ALL THE WORDS

THE LADIES OF POP
Blues Business
Bob Dylans' Band
Beatles Meet Press
Traffic - Donovan
Little Richard
Noel Redding

JANUARY, 1969

"Piece of my Heart"
"Street Fighting Man"
"Harper Valley P.T.A."
"Revolution"
"I Wish It Would Rain"
"Hey Jude"
"Fool On The Hill"



ALL THE WORDS

PAUL MCCARTNEY ADVENTURE
The Story of Recording
Jeff Beck Group
Cream's Double Album
Big Brother
Jose Feliciano
Staple Singers

FEBRUARY, 1969

"The Weight"
"White Room"
"Lolene"
"I Met Her In Church"
"Little Green Apples"
"Fool For You"
"Destination Anywhere"

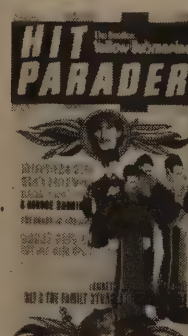


ALL THE WORDS

INCREDIBLE CLAPTON
Interview Reveals
Why Cream Split
Steppenwolf
John Sebastian
Blood, Sweat & Tears
McCartney Interview

MARCH, 1969

"Those Were The Days"
"For Once In My Life"
"Love Child"
"Who's Making Love"
"Chewy, Chewy"
"Magic Carpet Ride"

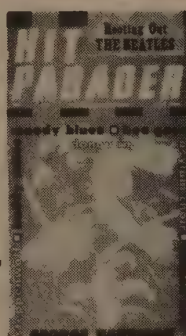


ALL THE WORDS

YELLOW SUBMARINE
Who's Keith Moon
Cream's Jack Bruce
George Harrison
Spirit - Doors
Sly & Family Stone
Association - Traffic

APRIL, 1969

"Sunday Sun"
"A Ray Of Hope"
"Yesterday's Rain"
"Cloud Nine"
"Son Of A Preacher Man"
"Wichita Lineman"
"Right Relations"



ALL THE WORDS

BEATLE SPECIAL
Buddy Miles
Muddy Blues
Canned Heat
Willie Dixon
Donovan
Bee Gees

MAY, 1969

"California Soul"
"Hooked On A Feeling"
"Going Up The Country"
"I Started A Joke"
"Crimson & Clover"
"Sweet Cream Ladies"
"Cross Town Traffic"

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TO GIVE ME NOTHING
(Open Up The Door I'll
Get It Myself)**

(As recorded by James Brown/King)
JAMES BROWN

I don't want nobody to give me nothing
Open up the door I'll get it myself
I don't want nobody to give me nothing
Open up the door I'll get it myself
I don't want nobody to give me nothing
Open up the door I'll get it myself, do
you hear me
I don't want nobody to give me nothing
Open up the door I'll get it myself
Ah don't give me enervation to
communication
Ah don't give me sorrow
I want equal opportunity to live
tomorrow
Give me dues and I don't want nobody
to give me nothing
Open up the door I'll get it myself
I don't want nobody to give me nothing
Open up the door I'll get it myself
With dues and sweat and blood
Put out every fire and block up every
burn
I don't want nobody to give me nothing
Open up the door I'll get it myself, do
you hear me
I don't want nobody to give me nothing
Open up the door I'll get it myself
I don't want nobody to give me nothing
Open up the door I'll get it myself.

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● **DON'T TOUCH ME**

(As recorded by Bettye Swann/
Capitol)

HANK COCHRAN

Your hand is like a torch each time you
touch me
That look in your eye pulls me apart
Don't open the door to heaven if I can't
come in
Don't touch me if you don't love me,
sweetheart.

Your kiss is like a drink when I'm thirsty
And I'm thirsty for you with all my heart
Don't love me then act as tho' we've
never kissed
Don't touch me if you don't love me,
sweetheart.

Don't give me something that you might
take away
To have you then lose you wouldn't be
smart on my part
Don't open the door to heaven if I can't
come in
Don't touch me if you don't love me,
sweetheart.

Don't give me something that you might
take away
To have you then lose you wouldn't be
smart on my part
Don't open the door to heaven if I can't
come in
Don't touch me if you don't love me,
sweetheart.

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What Happened In

CHICAGO (musically)?



A Vision Of The
BEACH BOYS

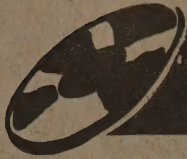
PLUS: Interviews with Ian Anderson of JETHRO TULL,
Barry Gibb of THE BEE GEES, The PENTANGLE, JERRY LEE
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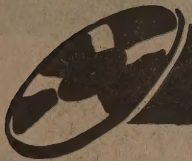
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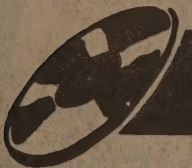
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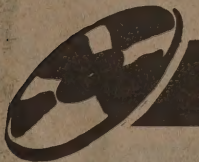
"SOUNDS OF
SILENCE"



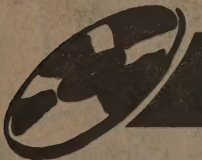
"DAYDREAM"



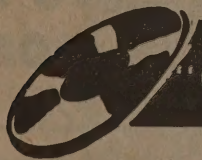
"SUMMER IN
THE CITY"



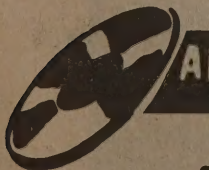
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| 4. Warm And Tender Love | 16. Bang Bang |
| 5. Pretty Flamingo | 17. Good Lovin' |
| 6. See You In September | 18. Kicks |
| 7. Paint It, Black | 19. Michelle |
| 8. I Am A Rock | 20. Tell Me Why |
| 9. Red Rubber Ball | 21. Can You Please Crawl
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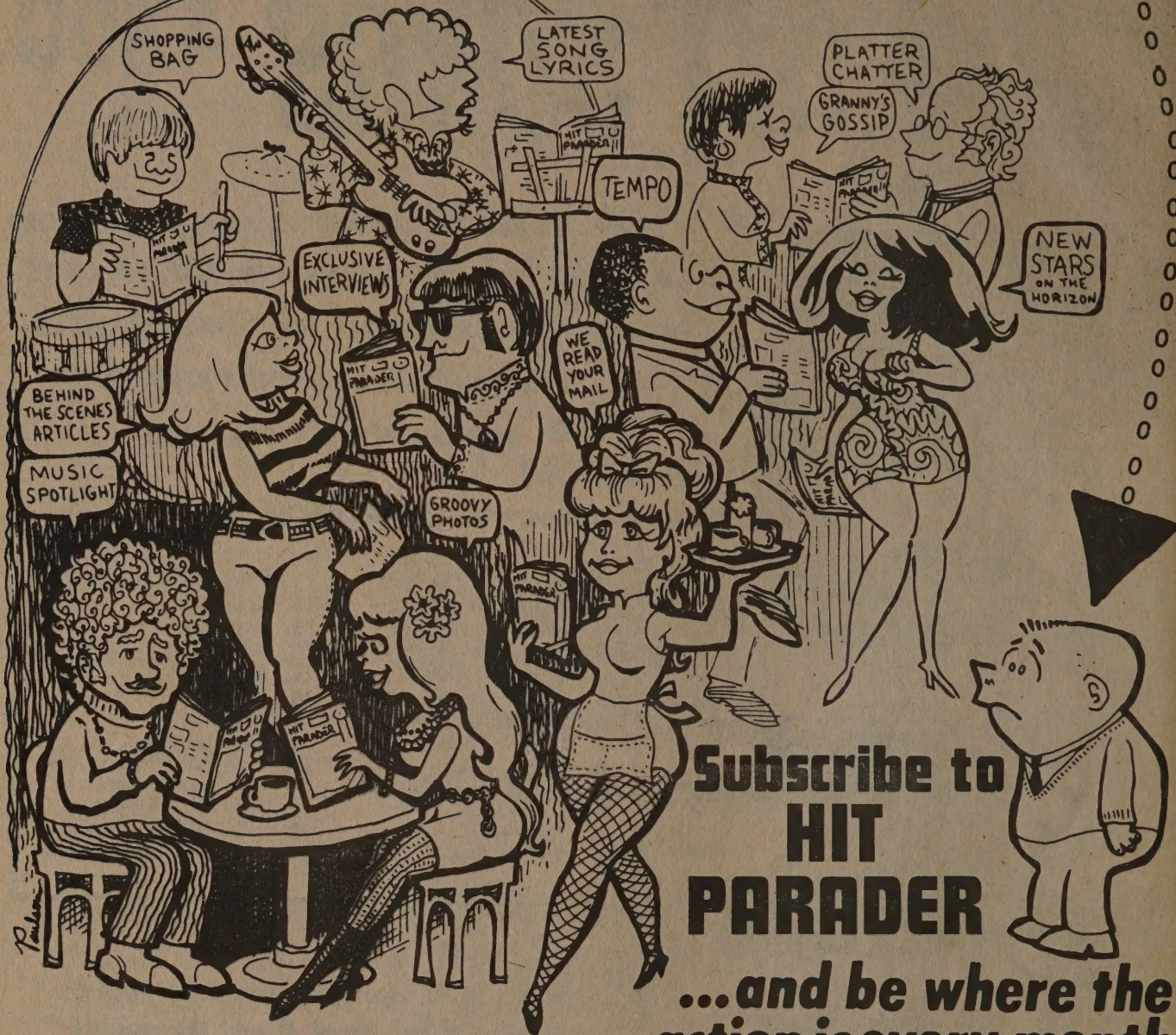
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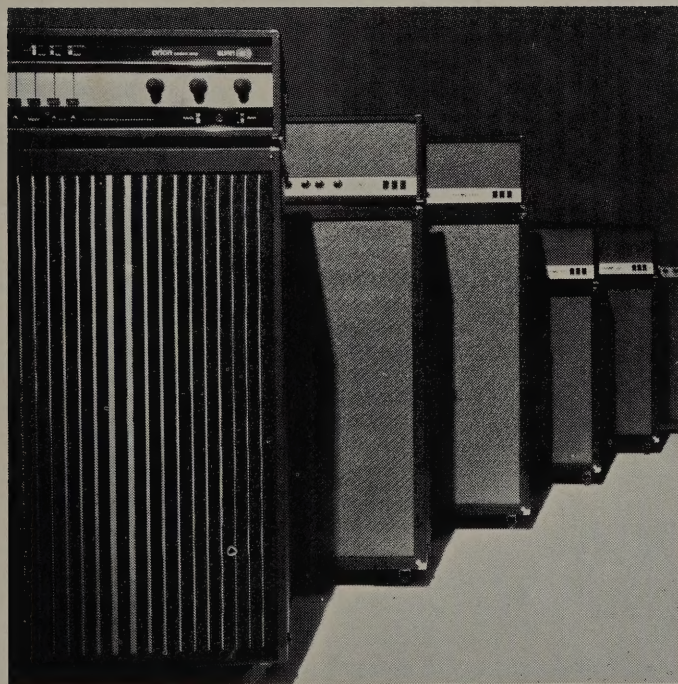
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I think I want to play. So send me your free 36 page booklet "Learn To Play Music In Your Own Home." No obligation, of course.

Check the one instrument you would like to play:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piano | <input type="checkbox"/> Tenor Banjo |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accordion | <input type="checkbox"/> Trumpet |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Organ | <input type="checkbox"/> Cornet |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steel Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Saxophone | <input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Violin | <input type="checkbox"/> Trombone |

Do you have instrument? ☐ Yes
☐ No. Instruments, if needed, supplied at big discount.

Name (Please Print Clearly) 237

Address

City

State Zip

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